2*

SACRED HYMNS FOR THE Children of GOD,

In the DAYS of their

PILGRIMAGE.

By *J. C.*

PART II.

And a Voice came out of the Throne, ſaying, Praiſe our God all ye his Servants, and ye that fear Him, both ſmall and great, &c. Rev. xix. 5.

O bleſs our GOD, ye People; and make the Voice of his Praiſe to be heard. Pſ. lxvi. 8.

And when they had ſung an Hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives. *Mat.* xxvi. 30.

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HYMNS
TO THE
Children of GOD, &c.

THE PREFACE.

THE First Part of these Hymns I printed before I well knew whether these shou'd yet be publish'd; but when it pleas'd the LORD JESUS *to incline me to think these might be of more Use than the first (being chiefly written from mine own Experience) I consented to print these also: believing the Language of my Heart would agree with that of those People of every Sect, and Nation under Heaven, who seek a Rest for their Souls, and are on their Way to the* New Jerusalem!

If the LORD GOD *of my Fathers will be pleased to bless my little Work to any one of his Children, so as to awaken or comfort him thereby, this is all my Aim. I believe he will, else wou'd I have retained them in mine own Closet, and when I died, they shou'd have died with me. 'Tis true, many of these Hymns seem as if they expres'd the Misery of the Doubtful, and Despairing Mind. I suffer'd these also to come to Light, not because they are suitable to every Child's Estate; No, far be it from me to think thus! I*

verily believe many of the true Israelites, *enter in so far behind the Vail, and get up so high upon* Pisgah, *or rather* upon the top of Nebo, *that they with open Face behold continually the Glory of the* LORD, *and the Pleasures and Good of the Land of* Canaan, *that without Doubt, or Scruple, they abide in the Assurance of Faith, and in the Love of God, 'till the Sun of Righteousness shining on them hath ripen'd them, and then in perfect Holiness they fall asleep as in the* LORD's *Arms, and awake beyond the Everlasting Hills in* Abraham's *Bosom! But the Reason why they are publish'd is, because they who follow after Righteousness afflicted, tempted, and ready to perish, shou'd see how Him (who once utter'd these out of the Fullness of his Heart) was try'd with their* Trials, *and* Temptations, *but is now brought out of Darkness into Marvellous Light, and out of Bondage into the Glorious Liberty of the Children of* GOD! *and that seeing me a Pattern of* GOD's *Redeeming Love they also might have Hope.*

This is that Freedom of which our Dear Master *spake in the Days of his Flesh, which I really believe is the Right and Privilege of every Saint. This is that Rest which every one that believeth enters into. And those who enter it not, are hindered because of Unbelief. As Children carried in their Parents Arms are at Rest, though they still go forward, so when the Children of* GOD *lean upon the* Beloved *they have true Rest altho' at the same time they are coming*

ing up out of the Wilderneſs, and are preſſing on to the Fulneſs of that Reſt, which here they only know in part. To prove that the Knowledge of GOD and Eternal Life, and the Aſſurance of Faith is the Privilege of every one Born of GOD, I need only ſay what are the Promiſes of GOD in the New Covenant, All ſhall know me from the Leaſt to the Greateſt. *And again,* Every one that loveth is born of GOD, and KNOWETH GOD. *And again our* SAVIOUR *ſaith,* I know my Sheep, and am KNOWN of mine. *And again another Scripture ſaith,* Hereby KNOW we that we dwell in HIM and HE in us, becauſe HE hath given us of His SPIRIT. *And this* SPIRIT beareth Witneſs with our Spirit that we are the Sons of GOD, and if Sons, then Heirs; Heirs with GOD, and Joint-heirs with CHRIST. *And what Man knoweth he hath this Witneſs, without the Aſſurance of Faith? Yet wou'd I not ſay, all who have not this Faith of Aſſurance, or Certainty of being in* CHRIST, *are Children of the Devil; but this I ſay, they are robbed of their Food, and as without the true Bread. For the Promiſes of GOD are to all the Seed,* Yea, and Amen. Whoſo followeth Me, ſhall not walk in Darkneſs, but ſhall have the Light of Life. *Again,* I will come down to him, and I will bring my FATHER, and WE will make our Abode with him. *Yes, ſay ſome, but may not GOD dwell in us, and we not know it? I anſwer,* CHRIST *is the Light of the World, and as a Candle is not lighted to be put under a Bed, or under a Buſhel, ſo*

neither

neither is JESUS *given into us to be hid, but to be made manifest, and to give Light to all who believe; that they may see his Glory, as the Glory of the only begotten of the* FATHER, *and be changed into the same Image, even as by the* SPIRIT *of the* LORD! *If any stagger at these Promises it is through Unbelief. Whoso is strong in Faith, he, and only he, giveth Glory to* GOD. *O that I, and thou that readest, may be found of that Happy Number!*

SACRED

SACRED HYMNS FOR THE Children of GOD, &c.

HYMN I.

Thus far hath God help'd Me.

WELL may I say, my Life has been
One Scene of Sorrow, and of Sin:
From early Days I Griefs have known,
And as I grew my Griefs have grown.

2. Dangers were always in my Path,
And Fears of Death, and endless Wrath:
While pale Dejection in me reign'd,
I often wept; by Griefs constrain'd.

3. When parted from my Company,
Or when I laid my Pleasures by,

How hath uncommon Dread prevail'd!
And Sighs no more wou'd be conceal'd.

4. I often to divert me ſtrove,
And try'd my Trouble to remove:
I ſung; and utter'd Sighs between,
Aſſay'd to ſtifle Guilt with Sin.

5. But Oh! not all that I cou'd do
Wou'd ſtop the Current of my Woe:
Convictions ſtill my Vileneſs ſhow'd!
How great my Guilt! how gone from GOD!

6. Prevented that I cou'd not die,
Nor might to one kind Refuge fly;
Juſt like the Orphan did I mourn,
Forſook by all, and left forlorn.

7. Tho' ev'ry Day I wail'd my Fall,
Three Years of Grief exceeded all!
No Reſt I knew! a Slave to Sin!
With ſcarce a Spark of Hope between!

8. From ev'ry mortal eyelid veil'd
My Heart I kept, my Grief conceal'd:
'Till eighteen tedious Years were o'er
In ſecret all my Croſs I bore.

9. To none but the Omniſcient Eye!
Would I unlock my Miſery:
Nor even to my Friends impart,
The cloſe Diſtemper of my Heart.

10. The World beheld my chearful mein
(Nor gueſs'd my Woe to all unſeen)

They by appearance judg'd; nor knew
The Troubles that I waded thro'.

11. Luſt, Anger, Blaſphemy, and Pride,
With Legions of ſuch Ills beſide,
Troubled my Thoughts; while Doubts, and Fears,
Clouded, and dark'ned all my Years.

12. Quite tir'd at laſt I ſat me down
Some diſtance from my native Town,
Yet within Sight; near where the Thames
Glides ſilent by in fruitful Streams.

13. Sighs now no more would be confin'd;
They breath'd the Trouble of my Mind:
I wiſh'd for Death! and check'd the Word,
And Pray'd deſpairing for the LORD!

19. Unhappy more than all on Earth
I thought the Place that gave me Birth:
Sadneſs, and ſtrangeſt Thoughts me fill'd,
As I it's ragged Walls beheld.

Much like the Buildings I appear'd;
Greatly demoliſh'd, yet 'twas ſpar'd:
One for its antient Worth and Fame,
But O! My antient boaſt was Shame.

16. Why I was ſpar'd (ſo nigh to Hell!)
GOD only knew! I could not tell:
But thought—ſuch as is yonder Wall,
I ſtand decaying ſince the Fall.

17. Shou'd that be razed to the Ground,
Its happy end wou'd there be found:

But I (when driven hence) muſt be
Condemn'd to all Eternity.

18. Cloſe by the Hill (my ſeat) there ſtood
The Ruins of a noted Wood:
Among whoſe Trees, beneath whoſe Shade,
The Birds their Habitation made.

19 While I was muſing nigh Deſpair,
They ſung—and I a while gave Ear,
Reflecting midſt their Harmony,
How bleſt are every one but me!

20. No Care of future Life, nor Woe,
Nor Grief, nor Sin, they ever know:
When Death declares their Deſtiny,
In Silence they ſhall ever lie.

21. Thus all things added to my Pain,
And ſtill compell'd me to complain:
Till ſable Clouds began to riſe,
And gather in the Eaſtern Skies.

22. Call'd now to bid the Fields adieu,
I roſe oppreſs'd and heavy too:
Wiſhes for Reſt employ'd my Tongue,
But O! my Journey yet was long.

23 Home to my houſe unhelp'd I went,
Bewailing ſtill my Baniſhment:
The Houſe, alas! no Reſt cou'd yield,
Still comfortleſs as was the Field.

24. Weary with Travail yet unknown
To all but GOD and me alone:

Yet nine long Months for Peace I ſtrove,
A Stranger ſtill to Eaſe and Love.

25. Hard'ned in Grief, inur'd to Woe,
Train'd up in Fears, and Perils too:
I ſaid, *It ever thus muſt be,*
No Quiet is permitted me.

26. Hard Hap! and more than heavy Lot,
Eſtrang'd from Peace, by GOD forgot:
That I muſt bear (by Heav'n conſign'd)
The Sorrows of a troubled Mind.

27. Strivings and Wreſtlings found I vain,
Nothing I did cou'd ſtay my Pain:
Then gave I up my Works, and Will,
Reſign'd to ſhare in Heav'n or Hell.

28. Like ſome poor Pris'ner at the Bar!
Conſcious of Guilt, of Sin, and Fear;
Arraign'd, and ſelf-condemn'd I ſtood,
Loſt in the World, and in my Blood!

29. Yet here 'midſt blackeſt Clouds con-
[ſin'd
A Beam from CHRIST the Day-Star ſhin'd:
Surely, thought I, *If JESUS pleaſe,*
He freely can reſtore my Peace.

30. *He dy'd for Sinners! I am one!*
May be He did for me attone:
Tho' I am nothing elſe but Sin,
He, (if he will) can make me clean!

31. Thus

31. Thus Light came in, and I believ'd!
Myſelf forgot, and help receiv'd!
My SAVIOUR then I know I found!
And preſs'd by Guilt no more I groan'd.

32. O happy Hour! in which I ceas'd
From Man; for then I found a Reſt!
No longer was my LORD unknown!
Thy Light, O JESUS, in me ſhone!

33. I, ignorant of thy Righteouſneſs,
Set up my Labours in its Place:
Forgot for why thy Blood was ſhed,
And pray'd, and faſted in its ſtead.

34. Bleſs'd be thy Name for now I know
I and my Works can nothing do:
The LORD alone can ranſom Man,
For this the Spotleſs LAMB was ſlain.

35. When Sacrifices, Works, and Pray'r,
Prov'd vain, and ineffectual were,
Lo! then I come, the SAVIOUR cry'd,
And bleeding bow'd his Head and dy'd!

36. He dy'd for All whoever ſaw
No help in them, nor by the Law:
I this have ſeen; and glad I own,
Salvation is by CHRIST *alone!*

HYMN II.

Morning Hymn.

WHile here my Pilgrimage endures,
While with the Sons of Men I ſtay,
While GOD his Favours on me ſhow'rs,
And I enjoy the Light of Day,
My bounden Thanks to GOD I'll give!
And praiſe his Pow'r in whom I live.

2. Glory to Thee, my GOD! my All,
To whom I travel; by whoſe Name
I riſen am from *Adam*'s Fall;
And may a ſhare in JESUS claim:
All Love, all Thanks all Praiſe is Thine
Thou Source of All! Thou King Divine.

3. Early as Day begins to dawn,
My Song ſhall ſtill to Thee be made!
And when in courſe the Light's withdrawn,
I alſo in the evening Shade,
Thy Mercy will in Hymns adore!
Thou Author of my Life, and Pow'r,

4. As hitherto Thou me haſt brought,
And ſav'd, and kept from every Ill,
So me perſerve, till I am taught
In all Things to perform thy Will;
And daily with the riſing Sun,
I'll praiſe Thee to its going down.

HYMN

HYMN III.

ANOTHER.

JEsus, to Thee I lift mine Eyes!
Accept my Morning Sacrifice:
Glory to Thee for all thy Care!
Thou shew'st on me while I am here.

2. Thou me preserv'd'st, while thoughtless I
Slept in a false Security:
When others into Tophet fell,
Thou sav'd'st me as a Brand from Hell.

3. O may I spend my ev'ry Day!
('Till Death shall carry me away)
Rememb'ring how Thou loved'st me:
And hourly singing Praise to Thee!

HYMN IV.

At Rising.

RISE my Soul to praise the Care,
Of JESUS True, and Good:
Sing to Him whose Robes appear
As newly dipt in Blood.
By his Pow'r I live to see
The Dawning of an other Day:
Farther favour'd I shall be
When here no more I stay.

2. Soon

2. Soon ſhall I in Righteouſneſs!
In JESU's Arms awake:
All the Joys the Saints poſſeſs
I for mine own ſhall take:
I ſhall with my Father ſit!
And in his heav'nly Kingdom praiſe!
(Bowing down before his Feet)
The Riches of his Grace!

HYMN V.

At putting on Raiment.

O That Thou woud'ſt me array!
In pureſt Righteouſneſs:
Other Cov'ring take away!
But the white Linen Dreſs:
That, O JESUS! that alone
Over my Shame, my Folly caſt;
Hiding all that I have done
Amiſs in Seaſons paſt.

HYMN VI.

At Undreſſing.

O That I thus cou'd me undreſs!
Uncover, and to GOD diſcloſe
My Heart, and ſhew my Nakedneſs
To Him, who ev'ry Secret knows.

2. I want to lay my Rags aside,
My Righteouſneſs, my Works put by:
I want thy Merit, LORD, apply'd,
Thy Righteouſneſs and Purity.

3. I ſtrive, but 'tis in vain to ſcreen
My Guilt, LORD JESUS, from thy Sight:
I fain would cover all my Sin,
Aſham'd to bring it to the Light.

4. Beneath thy Garments roll'd in Blood
Hide me, dear SAVIOUR; and undreſs
Me of myſelf, and in my GOD,
Me cloath in ſpotleſs Holineſs.

HYMN VII.

Evening Hymn.

KEeper of *Jacob's* ſcatter'd Sheep,
The SAVIOUR of the Lambs who ſtray:
Who canſt not ſlumber, neither ſleep,
Who me haſt ſpar'd another Day;
Still all the Night my SAVIOUR be,
And guard me to Eternity.

2. The Sins that I to-day have done,
Forgive and cancel in thy Blood;
And in me make thy Spirit known,
That henceforth I may please my GOD,
Nor ever once again offend,
But ſerve Thee till my Life I end.

3. Save me from ſinning on my Bed,
From evil Thoughts, and evil Dreams:
And Night and Day me gracious lead,
And ſatisfy with Living Streams;
And when pale Death ſhall cloſe mine Eyes
O let me wake above the Skies!

HYMN VIII.

At lying down.

I will lay me down in Peace,
In ſafety take my Reſt:
Me commend to JESU's Grace,
And as upon his Breaſt,
So content behold I ſleep,
While Troops of Angels are my Guard
O my Shepherd love, and keep,
And be my great Reward!

HYMN IX.

At Work.

TILL I ſhall leave the World, and Die,
'Till here my Labours ceaſe,
My JESUS ſtill ſhall hear my Cry,
Before his Throne of Grace.

2. I'll tell Him how I want to come
Where He in Glory ſhine's:
No more to toil, no more to roam,
Amidſt a World of Sins.

3. The Trav'ller never wiſh'd for more
The Shade in ſultry Day,
Than I, to come to Sion's Shore,
Than I to flee away.

4. The weary Huſbandman is glad
To ſee the ſetting Sun:
He longs to view the Evening Shade
For then his Work is done.

5. I wait with greater longing far
When Death my Soul ſhall tell,
Thy Work is finiſh'd; and ſhall bear
Me with my God to dwell.

HYMN X.

ANOTHER.

TO Day my Labours order Thou
My Words, and all I think or do:
That Thou therein may'ſt honour'd be,
And daily magnify'd by me.

2. Bleſs me, my deareſt LORD! and kind,
Imprinting always in my Mind,
Thy Labours when Thou in our Clay,
Cam'ſt down to take our Sin away.

3. How

5. How many Days oppreſs'd and griev'd,
Travell'd my LORD, and unreliev'd:
'Till on the Croſs thy Head was bow'd,
And Thou waſt empty'd of thy Blood.

4. When thirty Years were ſpent, and more,
And all thy heavy Work was o'er,
Thy Soul aſcended up on high!
And Captive led Captivity!

5. Exalted now at GOD's Right-Hand,
Methinks I ſeee Thee Bloody ſtand!
Pleading for thoſe who follow Thee:
O bleſſed LORD remember me!

HYMN XI.

ANOTHER.

WHate'er mine Hand ſhall find to do,
I'll do with Chearfulneſs:
And all I'll do to Thee, and Thou
My Handy-work ſhalt bleſs.

2. My Labour order to thy Praiſe,
Direct my every Word:
In all my Deeds, 'till ends my Days
Let me exalt my LORD.

3. Leſt Self I pleaſe or gratify
My baſe rebellious Will,
Prevent me LORD by being nigh
To teach, and guide me ſtill.

4. Let me fulfil my Courſe with Joy,
My Work with ſinging end;
And ſee Thee all my Sin deſtroy,
And then to Thee aſcend.

HYMN XII.

At Waſhing.

NOT only waſh my Hands from Sin,
But O! my LORD, my Heart and [Head:
From outward Stains, from Stains within,
Cleanſe me in Blood which Thou haſt ſhed.

2. Purge my Impurity away,
And waſh and heal my ev'ry Sore:
Unto my Charge no Evil lay,
But learn me how to ſin no more.

HYMN XIII.

At Meals.

THE Bleſſings of his Name,
Who late on *Calv'ry* dy'd;
Our daily *Hallelujah's* claim,
While we below reſide.

2. He gives our preſent Bread,
He all things richly gives:
'Tis He ſupplies with Love our Need,
We aſk, and He relieves! 3. Nor

3. Nor ſhall his Hand be ſtaid
From giving better Things:
By Him our Thirſt ſhall be allay'd,
With clear, and living Springs.

4. He us the Food ſhall give,
Brought down from Paradiſe:
The Manna whereby Angels live
With GOD above the Skies!

5. The Bread we now partake,
The Things we now poſſeſs,
He gives us for his own Name's ſake!
As Pledges of his Bliſs.

6. 'Till we retire from hence,
'Tis right that we adore,
Thy Name, thy Grace, and Providence,
JESUS, for Evermore!

HYMN XIV.

ANOTHER.

HOW good to us is *Iſr'el*'s LORD!
See in the Wilderneſs He ſpreads
A Table very richly ſtor'd!
With all Things needful us He feeds.

2. May we, the LORD IMMANUEL's [Sheep
For this, adore the KING of Kings:
And while we feaſt our Stomachs keep,
To ſhare above in better Things.

5. To banquet with the Virgin-Train
Who JESU's Marriage ſhall attend,
We journey hungring, 'till we gain
A Fullneſs at our Journey's end.

HYMN XV.

Walking.

BEhold how pleaſant all appear!
How calm, and how ſerene;
If our REDEEMER's Light be there,
If he is ſeen therein.

2. Full of Delight the Fields, the Town,
The Company, the Road;
If JESUS in our Heart is known;
If there be preſent GOD.

3. O let the Lofty One conſent
Ever in me to live:
End in Himſelf my Baniſhment;
Himſelf my Portion give.

4. A Pilgrim in the World I roam,
A wand'ring Child, and poor:
O may thy Kingdom be my Home!

5. Where'er I journey, let my Mind
Be ſtill intent on Thee:
Gaſping above my Reſt to find,
In thine Eternity!

6. Ne'er let thy Grace from me be turn'd,
While I below abide:
Nor leave me once, 'till I am learn'd
Thy Love, and glorify'd!

HYMN XVI.

ANOTHER.

THUS *Iſaac* walk'd in Days of old,
To meditate on GOD, and pray:
And GOD was pleas'd him to behold,
And bleſs'd his Thoughts, and lov'd his
[Way.

2. Why ſhou'd I doubt his Preſence now?
Whom *Iſaac* his Companion made:
To-day my LORD Himſelf may ſhew,
Shew how to ranſome me he bled.

3. Incline me, LORD, to wait on Thee,
Keep me from wand'ring; let my Mind
Be fix'd on that Felicity,
Which new-born Souls in JESUS find.

4. In all thy Works, in all my Way,
Still let me ſee my LORD appear:
Thy Grace, thy Love in all diſplay,
And Hourly ſhew me Thou art near.

5. Conform my proud, my ſtubborn Will
To be obedient to thy Word:
Thy Purpoſe on my Soul fulfil,
And ſeal me to my loving LORD.

6. Write on my Heart thy Law of Love,
And make me free from Death, and Sin:
Evil on ev'ry ſide remove,
Thy Veſſel purge, and dwell therein.

7. Walk in the Garden of my Heart,
And daily there thy Mercy ſhow'r:
And daily to my Soul impart,
The Riches of thy Love, and Pow'r.

HYMN XVII.

After a Journey.

NOW MASTER will we ſing to Thee;
Freſh are thy Mercies LORD and New:
Daily thy Providence we ſee,
Daily thy loving Hand we view.

2. Thou ſatisfy'ſt our Souls with Good,
No needful Thing haſt Thou deny'd:
Protection, Raiment, Health, and Food,
Thou gav'ſt us, e'er we for them cry'd.

3. Nor have we fought to Thee in vain,
For any Bleſſings thro' thy Son:
We know for us the LAMB was Slain,
For us his bloody Wounds attone.

4. We aſk'd thy Preſence on our Road,
And lo! we found thy Preſence there:
Right is thy Name, *A gracious GOD!*
A GOD that anſwereth to Pray'r!

5. Hear, O Thou wonderful! and Grace,
Rich, Sov'reign Grace ſhall be our Song:
This 'till we ſee Thee Face to Face,
Shall be the Language of our Tongue.

6. Thou know'ſt the Day is haſt'ning on,
When our long Warfare ſhall be o'er:
When we upon thy chriſtal Throne!
Shall reſt; nor Journey any more.

7. Our dwellings here are but the Inn,
Where for a little while we ſtay:
Our Houſe no mortal Eyes have ſeen,
Nor thither have they known the Way.

8. As once a Star the *Magi* ſhew'd,
The Virgin's Child; ſo He our Star
Shews us Himſelf our only Road;
Where Iſrael's Seed in Light appear.

9. The Place where now the Firſt-born praiſe,
The Manſion where they ceaſe to grieve,
Our City is, th' abiding Place,
The Shore where we ſhall ſoon arrive.

HYMN XVIII.

Before hearing a Sermon.

DEpart my worldly Cares!
No more moleſt my Heart:
To Day my gracious LORD appears,
Diſtracting Thoughts Depart!

2. My Soul before his Face
To Day ſhall humbly bow:
Perhaps the Day of Sov'reign Grace,
Th' accepted Time is now.

3. To Day the People Run
To hear the SAVIOUR's Word:
Seeking unwearied, being drawn
By Love, and by the LORD.

4. While they in willing Troops
Go up to worſhip GOD,
With them I'll join; for JESUS ſtoops
To make them his abode.

5. In ev'ry humble Heart,
(Altho' the Houſe be Clay)
He loves to dwell, nor will depart,
'Till Time ſhall flee away.

6. To Him my Pray'r I'll make,
Who only me can hear:
And He, for his own Mercy's ſake!
Shall anſwer to my Pray'r.

7. His

7. His Blood ſhall me redeem
From all my Guilt, and Shame:
Plenteous Salvation is in Him,
And Healing in his Name.

8. My Ears ſhall He uncloſe,
And me my Sight reſtore:
My ſtamm'ring Tongue ſhall *He* unlooſe,
And fill me with his Pow'r.

9. Among ten thouſand Kings!
He is the Chief, and Beſt:
Mercy, and Grace are in his Wings
And Everlaſting Reſt!

HYMN XIX.

After hearing.

WITH JESU's Sheep to worſhip GOD,
Have I unworthy been;
The Courts of my REDEEMER trod,
And there his Order ſeen.

I heard (as Thunder-claps) the Song
Of them who prais'd the LORD:
And pleas'd, beheld th' attentive Throng
Receive th' Ingrafted Word!

3. All with one holy Mind inſpir'd!
In Pray'r devoutly join'd:
Agreed they all, one thing deſir'd!
And earneſt, yet reſign'd.

4. There

4. There in the midſt by Faith I ſaw,
With Garments dip'd in Blood!
The SHEPHERD in his Spirit draw
The People to their GOD!

5. In Love (methought) He view'd his own,
His Wings were o'er them ſpread:
And whiſp'ring Peace, Himſelf made known,
While they to know Him pray'd.

6. O that I worthy were to be!
For ever in their Bliſs:
Like them, O that I too might ſee
The LORD my Righteouſneſs!

7. Dear Advocate, be pleas'd to join
My wiſhful Soul to them:
Give me their Mark; and call me thine,
And me from Sin redeem.

8. When they (from ev'ry Country brought)
Shall meet on *Canaan*'s Shore,
Up with them, let my Soul be caught!
To part from them no more.

HYMN XX.

In a Thunder-Storm.

THink, O my Soul, how it will be
When Thunders yet more loud!
Shall ſound from Heav'n; and All muſt ſee
On Clouds, the angry GOD!

2. When

2. When He provok'd, in fiery Air!
Shall to his Judgment come,
The Multitudes before his Bar!
His Brightneſs ſhall conſume!

3. When He ariſes with his Hoſt,
To execute his Word:
Then Death, and Hell, and all the Loſt,
Shall fall beneath his Sword!

4. As for the Saints, when He appears
In Wrath, and flaming Fire!
Joy unconceiv'd ſhall drown their Tears!
And every Sheep inſpire!

5. They full of Love to GOD, ſhall ſoar!
Clad in the Wedding Robe;
While troubled Floods ſhall dreadful roar
And thunders burſt the Globe.

6. No dark'ned Sun, nor bloody Moon!
Nor falling Stars, ſhall fright
The Lambs of GOD! for Heav'n their Throne
Shall open in their Sight!

7. Yea when the higheſt Hills ſhall ſhake!
And fall! and looſe their Place:
No dread, the Saints ſhall overtake,
Nor interrupt their Peace.

8. No paſſing of the Heav'ns away!
(Tho' with a mighty Noiſe)
Shall cauſe them once to wail the Day;
But more increaſe their Joys!

9. With glorious triumph they shall see!
The Judgment of the LORD!
Shall view the great perplexity!
Caus'd by *JEHOVAH*'s Sword.

10. Prepare me O my GOD! that I
With these may have my Share:
And when the Trump proclaims Thee nigh
Let me with them appear!

11. From ev'ry Danger, let my King
Deliver me, and Seal:
Then when Thou wilt thy Judgment bring
And all thy Power reveal!

HYMN XXI.

In unpleasant Weather.

GOD of the Winds, and Rains, and Snows
Whose dwelling is in Light! [Whose depths of Wisdom, no Man knows,
Almighty! Infinite!

2. Thou know'st for what O GOD! and why,
The Weather thus is giv'n: [Thy Will be done, O Thou most High!
In Earth as 'tis in Heav'n.

3. The Rains, and Hails, and Winds, and Storms.
Fulfil thy holy Word: [The Air, the Thunder, each performs,
The Counsel of the Lord.

4. The

4. The Lightnings, and the Cold, and Heat,
The Clouds and shining Sun,
The quaking Earth, confess Him great!
Who rules upon the Throne;

5. Shall I a Worm uneasy be?
Shall I the Dust complain?
Forbid it LORD — as pleases Thee,
So will, and do, and reign!

6. While all thy Works thy Word fulfil,
The Years, and Months, and Days,
I (if Thou me wilt strengthen still)
Will spend my Life in Praise.

HYMN XXIII.

Meditation on CHRIST's plain Apparel.

SHALL I appear in fine Array?
Adorn'd with Gold, and plaited Hair?
Shall costly Garments dress my Clay?
Or shall I Gems or Jewels wear?
JESUS appear'd not thus below;
Nor may I thus apparel'd go.

2. His Coat was plain without a Seam,
No *Tyrian* Purple was his Dress;
No costly Linnen was on Him,
His best Attire was Holiness;
This inward Robe I'll strive to know,
This Vest more white than *Salmon*'s Snow.

3. Nor ſhall my Table e'er be ſpread
With Dainties, ſince my Lord had none:
I'll be content with common Bread,
(If JESUS pleaſe) with Bread alone:
He ſtill deny'd Himſelf, and I
Will ev'ry Day myſelf deny.

4. O help me, LORD! and no Deſire,
No Luſt of mine will I fulfil:
No ſumpt'ous Feaſt, no gay Attire,
Shall gratify my ſinful Will:
I'll chuſe to bear the Croſs, and be
A ſelf-denying Child to Thee.

5. Farewel then Pomp thou empty Shew,
Good Name, and Character, Farewel:
Your Joys, O World! no more I'll know,
Thoſe I prefer, unſpeakable!
Better Enjoyments I purſue,
Than theſe mean Trifles found with you.

6. To greater Honour I aſpire,
Glorious Ambition fills my Breaſt:
I royal Dignity deſire!
Nor 'till I gain it ſhall I reſt!
I want to be a King, and reign
Among the Hoſt of Perfect-Men.

7. The Hope that I to this ſhall come
Makes me all lower Things deſpiſe:
I know I am not at my Home,
'Till I am here, 'till theſe my Eyes

My SAVIOUR see! then will I dress,
And feast on GOD my Righteousness.

8. He! He, the seeking Sinner's Friend,
Shall be my only endless Food:
My Shame, my Sinning there shall end,
My Garments shall be wash'd in Blood;
And brighter than the Sun shall shine!
Adorn'd with Majesty Divine!

HYMN XXIII.

Bewailing.

WHY SAVIOUR in the Night,
Must I endure the Cross?
Why be a Stranger to Delight?
And grieve and sorrow thus?
Why still must Fear molest
This feeble Soul of mine?
Why taste I not the promis'd Rest?
Or share the Life divine!

2. Ah me! my Life is hid,
My Rest is yet kept back:
To know in me th'eternal Seed,
Is still the Thing I lack.
O that the LAMB wou'd see!
The Troubles I endure:
O that Himself wou'd dwell in me!
And make m'Election sure.

3. I mourn, and ever shall
'Till Thou to heal me come:
Thou art the Thing I want; my All,
My Rest, my Peace, my Home!
As wails the pensive Dove,
When parted from her Mate,
So I bewail thine unseen Love;
And this my Widow-State.

4. When the unhappy Bird
Finds her Companion gone,
She pines to Death; no more is heard
Her solitary Mone.
So JESUS, I decay!
When Thee I no-where find:
Grief soon will make me quit my Clay!
And fly from all Mankind.

5. If Thou refuse my Cries,
And me forbear to save;
Then me permit to close my Eyes,
And hide me in the Grave.
Let me bow down my Head,
And now the Ghost resign:
Rather I chuse to join the Dead,
Than not to know Thee mine.

6. No longer let me live
To mourn my heavy Lot:
No! let me cease to sin, and grieve,
And be as one forgot.

Into the gloomy Pit,
(Where lifeless Men are cast)
Suffer to rest my weary Feet,
And senseless sleep my last.

HYMN XXIV.

ANOTHER.

EVerlasting LORD, and True!
Thy weeping Child regard;
Let my Sighs, my Groaning too,
With Thee in Heav'n be heard:
Turn Thee to the Destitute,
Forget me not, nor always chide:
My CREATOR, hear my Suit,
And all my Folly hide.

2. Many tedious Nights and Days,
In Mourning I have liv'd:
Dark and solitary Ways,
My Soul hath trod, and griev'd:
From my Infancy 'till now,
Have I a Son of Sorrows been:
Not a Day escaped Woe,
Convicted still of Sin.

3. Often in the Fields, and Roads,
Have I pour'd out my Cries:
Cover'd round in thickest Clouds,
While Tears were in my Eyes:

Oft the silent Midnight knew
The many Griefs that me oppress'd:
I was waking, trembling too,
While others took their Rest.

4. Ev'ry lonely Lane and Wood,
Are Witness to my Pray'rs:
Here I often sought for GOD,
Unbosom'd here my Fears;
When no Help from GOD I found,
I wish'd for Places more retir'd:
Darkest Caves beneath the Ground,
To hide me I desir'd.

5. Towns, Relations, Company,
Did but increase my Grief;
Therefore often wander'd I,
Like one without Relief:
This Thou knowest, O my GOD!
And how in Heaviness I fought:
Some strange Desert, never trod,
Which none had e'er found out.

6. Here I thought my Life I'll spend;
And pine away my Days:
Here my nightly Years I'll end
In Pray'r, and mournful Days:
On the Earth I knew, and plain,
I was a Stranger, far from Home:
Daily grew my Grief, and Pain,
While I desir'd the Tomb.

7. Vain-

7. Vainly Refuge did I ſeek,
Or wiſh for Deſert-Lands;
Or in Pray'r my Silence break,
With Tears, and lifted Hands;
Still my fond attempts to fly
Were ſtop'd by unſeen Providence:
Still I bear my Miſery,
Nor can eſcape from thence.

8. What unhappy low'ring Star,
Rul'd on my native Day?
Ord'ring me in Grief, and Fear,
To paſs my Age away.
On my Soul, 'tis ſure deſign'd,
That as with Sighs began my Breath,
So I ſtill ſhou'd be confin'd
To ſigh myſelf to Death.

9. Stars, nor Planets this decreed,
But the Creators Word:
He, for whom, my Soul was made,
E'en th' Eternal LORD!
He determin'd, only He,
How long before my Life ſhould ceaſe,
What I evermore ſhou'd be,
And thro' what I ſhou'd paſs.

10. He appointed, He ordain'd,
(Foreknowing I wou'd fall)
All my Ways; his mighty Hand
Rules in, and over all:

Troubles dare not rush on me,
Unless directed by his Nod:
Grief, and Woe, and Misery,
Obey a Sov'reign GOD!

11. Cease my Soul then to repine,
In filial Awe submit:
Let the LORD as pleaſe Him reign,
While I subjected sit;
He must be the Governour,
And as He willeth so decree:
Silent I must Him adore,
Who hath Authority!

12. On his Creatures, on his Clay,
GOD will his mind fulfil;
Man constrain'd must helpless lay
While GOD performs his Will:
LORD I then submit! and yield,
If Thou me fill'st with endless Woe:
O my Father! see thy Child,
With me what pleaſe Thee do.

13. Righteous Potter wise, and just!
(in the REDEEMER CHRIST)
Pardon me thy Creature Dust,
Where I thy Will may resist:
If I murmur, O constrain!
My stubborn Soul to bow to Thee:
While I see Thee glorious reign
Working thy Will on me.

HYMN

HYMN XXV.

ANOTHER.

WHAT Heaviness, I bear
If CHRIST but hides his Face!
What Peace in all my Pow'rs appear,
If He but shews his Grace.
O that I ne'er might part!
But always know Thee mine:
Come LORD, and seize Thou all my Heart,
And make me wholy thine.

2. A burden is my Will,
A Yoke my wicked Mind:
Awake thy Sword in me and kill
What Evil lurks behind
Ride on! and quite destroy
All of the former Man:
Thy mighty Arm, dear LORD, employ!
Nor longer now refrain.

3. Get Thee the Victory!
And o'er, and in me reign:
Pity my Soul, and purify,
And wash, and make me clean.
Me for thyself prepare!
And timely call me hence:
At JESU's Supper let me share,
With thine Inheritance.

HYMN

HYMN XXVI.

ANOTHER.

AH! how little have I done,
My deareſt LORD, for Thee:
How much haſt Thou undergone,
For ſinful worthleſs me!
Greater Love hath no Man prov'd!
Than I from Thee, O Bleeding LAMB!
O my Leanneſs! tho' belov'd,
Yet I ungrateful am.

2. All around methinks I ſee
My Fellow-pilgrims ſtand,
Praiſing and adoring Thee!
And thy Paternal Hand:
Yet I am not truly mov'd
To bleſs the dear IMMANUEL's Name!
O my Leanneſs, &c.

3. How canſt Thou forgive me, LORD!
Becauſe of this my Sin:
How canſt Thou thy Grace afford!
To ſuch a Heart as mine.
LORD, I wonder at thy Love!
O let me Gratitude poſſeſs:
All my Leanneſs, JESUS move,
And grant me Thankfulneſs!

HYMN

HYMN XXVII.

Bewailing the Sinfulneſs of Nature.

O! How impotent am I!
How much reſembling Clay?
Full of Sin, and Miſery,
And prone to diſobey:
Dead am I to ev'ry Good,
Nor eager after JESUS now!
Like the Idols made of Wood,
So I can nothing do.

2. When my Lips in Pray'r I move,
My Heart delights to err:
Quite eſtrang'd from Perfect-Love!
Compell'd to ſerve thro' Fear;
Careleſneſs, and ſinful Eaſe,
And ſtrong Rebellion is in me!
Always wanting Self to pleaſe,
And be from Duty free.

3. All thy Scriptures preach'd, or read,
Me ſpur not on my Road:
Like a Carcaſs cold and Dead,
Helpleſs not knowing GOD:
Weary of the LORD I am,
I hate (when drawn) to ſeek his Face;
LORD I nothing am but Shame,
And Scandal, and Diſgrace!

4. Shou'd thy Juſtice me divide
From Heav'n, and perfect Men;
Or conſign me to abide
In Everlaſting Pain,
'Tis not more than my Deſert,
I merit nothing leſs than Hell!
In my ſinful, wretched Heart,
The Sentence LORD I feel!

5. Is it poſſible, O GOD!
That One ſo bad as me,
May approach to JESU's Blood?
Or to his Refuge flee?
Shall not thine avenging Sword!
Purſue me thither, and me ſlay?
If Thou can'ſt forgive me LORD!
O take my Sins away!

HYMN XXVIII.

Pleading with GOD in Heavineſs.

WHY my dear LORD muſt I
Be left ſo long behind?
Lo! in a ruin'd World I lie,
As one quite out of Mind.
Into the Earth I look,
(With Darkneſs cover'd o'er)
And mourn as utterly forſook,
Whom Thou wilt own no more!

2. Say

2. Say bleſſed JESUS! ſay,
Haſt Thou forgot thy Son?
Doſt Thou not hear me when I pray?
Muſt I be left alone?
O think upon thy Blood!
Why SAVIOUR, was it ſhed?
For Sinners; if the Current flow'd,
For me then let it plead.

3. Surely Thou me haſt lov'd!
And own'd in Seaſons paſt:
And is thy Mercy now remov'd?
Muſt I aſide be caſt?
Amen—if 'tis thy Will,
If Thou haſt ſo decreed:
I know I have deſerved Hell,
Nor have I ought to plead.

4. Yet know I if Thou wilt,
Thou can'ſt my Soul forgive:
Pardon, and waſh away my Guilt,
And ſuffer me to live;
Then let thy Bowels move,
Then let thy Preſence ſhine!
Confirm in me thy changeleſs Love,
And witneſs I am thine!

5. So will I be content
To wait thy Leiſure, LORD:
When I from this my Baniſhment,
To Thee ſhall be reſtor'd.

Only thus let me pray
Quickly O SAVIOUR *come!*
Redeemer, LORD! make no delay
To bring me to my Home.

HYMN XXIX.

Bewailing the Sinfulneſs of Nature.

MY GOD, Thou know'ſt my ev'ry Thought,
My Deeds, my Words, my Ways:
All to thy Sight of old was brought,
E'er I began my Days.

I know thine Eyes foreſaw my State,
And look upon me ſtill;
Yet ſimply let me now relate,
What of myſelf I feel.

3. A Stone upon my Heart is roll'd,
O roll the Stone away!
I find that I am carnal, ſold
To Sin, to diſobey.

4. Empty Profeſſion lo! I have,
The Form of Godlineſs:
But this, alas, will never ſave
Without the inward Dreſs.

5. The loathſome Wounds of Luſt and Pride,
Beneath my Rags appear:
And Wrath, and ev'ry Ill beſide,
Too much for me to bear!

6. Yet

6. Yet am I well perſwaded LORD,
That Thou canſt give me eaſe:
O JESUS, ſay the pard'ning Word!
And heal Thou my Diſeaſe.

7. Bid me *riſe up!* and I ſhall leave
My Sin, and on Thee wait:
Shall in thy Life forſake my Grave!
And looſe my Dead Eſtate.

8. In Thee the Reſurrection give
M' unworthy Soul a Part;
And Thou for ever ſhalt receive
My Praiſe, and all my Heart.

HYMN XXX.

Enquiring for GOD in Darkneſs.

LORD, wilt Thou Evermore refrain?
Wilt Thou to help me ſtill refuſe?
Wilt Thou forbear to make me clean?
But leave me ſtill unfit for Uſe?

1. Theſe many Years have I gone on,
Wand'ring from Peace, and far from Thee:
A prodigal, a ſinful Son,
Hard'ned thro' much Iniquity.

3. I knew not Thee, nor thought Thee known
On this Side Death; for I was blind:
I thought the Faith was but to own
The LORD was GOD, and Good, and Kind.

4. I Vanity, and Sin purſu'd,
And follow'd Pleaſure Day by Day:
A Stranger to the SAVIOUR's Blood;
To Truth, and to the Narrow Way!

5. I heard of JESUS long ago,
But O! I did not know Him mine:
Nor did I ſeek his Name to know,
So was I blinded by my Sin.

6. LORD, ſee I tremble as I ſpeak,
My Right is endleſs Miſery:
But ſpare me for thy Mercies ſake!
O ſpare a Soul condemn'd to die!

7. If loud for Vengeance cries my Sin,
Louder for Mercy cries thy Blood!
O let that River run between
My guilty Soul and Thee my GOD!

8. Turn back thy Fury! ſtay the Cup,
Which juſtly ſhou'd on me be pour'd:
And ſtoop: O my IMMANUEL, ſtoop,
And reconcile me to my LORD.

9. Whiſ-

9. Whiſper *my Child* and let thy Love
In this my Need be plenteous ſhewn:
My Sins, and all thy Wrath remove!
And ſoon conduct me to thy Throne!

HYMN XXXI.

The Sinners Miſery.

HOW happy is the Traveller!
Who, (when his Journey ends)
Ceaſes from Wearineſs, and Fear,
And meets with Joy his Friends?

2. How alſo is the Seaman bleſt;
Who (when He gets to Shore)
His, troubled Spirit is at Reſt,
'Fright'ned by Storms no more!

3. So Huſbandmen in pleaſant eaſe,
At Night lay down their Head,
Devoid of Care, in ſweeteſt Peace!
Refreſh them on their Bed.

4. The School-Boy too, with Study tir'd,
Regales Himſelf with Play:
Soon as his School-hours are expir'd
His Burden ſlides away!

5. The toilſom Ants, the thrifty Bees
For Food all Summer ſtrive:
But all the Winter dwell at Eaſe,
Within the peaceful Hive.

6. So all the Creatures GOD hath made
Sometime or other find
A Reſt, a Place of Eaſe, a Shade,
And Quiet in their Mind.

7. But I, alas! unhappy I!
No Comfort can procure:
Daily I ſee my Miſery!
And muſt the ſame endure.

8. I ſeek by ev'ry Way, and Means,
A Place where I may reſt:
And ſeek in vain! for I by Sins
And Griefs am ſtill oppreſs'd.

9. I envy even Hinds, and Slaves,
For Night both theſe releaſe:
Or work'd to Death, the ſilent Graves,
Become their Reſting-place.

10. No Work is parallel to mine,
So long, and painful too:
Conſtrain'd, I murmur and repine,
For Oh! what can I do?

11. My Conſcience black as *Egypt*'s Night!
Torments my guilty Soul:
While Hope and Peace are out of Sight,
And mighty Terrors rule!

12. I labour after Peace in vain!
Alas! no Peace is nigh:
LORD take me from this World of Pain!
To thine Eternity!

13. A Soul more ſtrait'ned, more diſtreſs'd,
Thou canſt not ſure relieve:
For JESUS' ſake in *Abraham*'s Breaſt,
My Place of Harbour give.

14. Why ſhou'dſt Thou ſeem to take Delight
To keep me far from Thee?
O bow thyſelf, Thou Infinite!
And ſoon deliver me!

HYMN XXXII.

Spiritual Diſtreſs.

O My GOD, my State behold!
My Danger, and my Fear:
How my Soul to Sin is ſold
And overcome with Care;
JESUS, MASTER! me reſtore,
And ſpeedily to help me come!
Friend of Sinners, I am poor,
O bring thy Servant home!

2. Full of Anguiſh, full of Pain,
To Thee I make my Cry;
Thou who waſt for Rebels ſlain!
On fatal *Calvary*,
JESUS, MASTER! &c.

3. Doubt,

3. Doubts, and Darkneſs hedge me round,
While all my Hopes depart:
Foes on ev'ry ſide are found,
And Grief o'erwhelms my Heart:
JESUS, MASTER! &c.

4. Caſt me not away from Thee,
Though I have fooliſh been:
Neither leave me utterly,
Tho' loſt, and dead in Sin
JESUS, MASTER! &c.

HYMN XXXIII.

In Bondage to Sin.

O Wretched that I am!
Who ſhall deliver me?
Where ſhall I run to hide my Shame!
Or where for Shelter flee?
My Nature all is Sin,
I groan beneath the Load:
I am unclean, unclean, unclean!
And gone aſtray from GOD.

2. Whene'er at Good I aim,
In Sin myſelf I loſe:
And Sin commit, though I exclaim
Againſt it, and refuſe!

Bound to the Priſon Floor,
With Iron Chains I lie:
Carnal and loſt, condemn'd and poor,
I mourn my Slavery.

3. Oft I am drawn to pray,
And often I begin:
When O! my Heart leads me aſtray,
And turns my Pray'r to Sin.
A Law againſt my Mind,
Ariſes in my Breaſt:
A ceaſeleſs War in me I find,
Still hind'ring me from Reſt.

4. When will the joyful Day
Of my Deliv'rance come?
When ſhall I walk (in Light) my Way,
To mine Eternal Home?
When, O my SAVIOUR? when
Will this my Toil be o'er:
How long e're I ſhall quite be clean,
To ſin again no more!

5. LORD, daily I backſlide,
Hard yet my Heart remains:
Thus longer let me not abide,
Aſunder break my Chains!
Melt down my ſtubborn Heart,
My Wounds, my Bruiſes heal:
Into thine Image me convert,
And in me CHRIST reveal!

6. LORD

6. LORD Jesus! if Thou wilt.
(For thine is ev'ry Pow'r)
Thou canst redeem me from my Guilt;
And me thy Child restore.
O be compell'd by Love!
To take my Nature hence:
The curſed Enmity remove!
And all the luſts of Senſe.

7. Let Peace from Thee poſſeſs
The Cloſet of my Soul:
And as Thou wilt in Righteouſneſs,
In me for ever rule.
The carnal Man deſtroy,
And ev'ry Thought ſubdue:
In JESUS ſtill my Mind employ,
'Till I thy Kingdom view.

HYMN XXXIV.

The Compariſon.

AS when the Trav'ller weary grown,
At Midnight, not in ſight of Home,
Sits ſadly, and dejected down;
Waiting in Fear 'till day-light come;
So while I ſeek the Light, I ſtand
Quite Tir'd, and Hungry, Sick, and Pain'd,

2. I often ſit me down and mourn,
The State in which I am confin'd:
I wail my Fall, and wou'd return,
Wou'd leave a wicked World behind,
But O! I here muſt longer ſtay,
Longer muſt walk the unknown Way.

3. I want, but 'tis not Bread, nor Wine,
Nor any tranſitory Food:
I want to call the SAVIOUR mine,
And know the Virtues of his Blood;
His holy Spirit wou'd I have,
No other can me help, or ſave.

4. No other Robe wou'd I put on,
My Righteouſneſs lo! I diſclaim:
Give me thy Merit! thine alone
O Thou Almighty bleeding LAMB!
And teach me in thy Faith 'till I
Have enter'd thy Eternity!

HYMN XXXV.

For Deliverance from Hardneſs of Heart.

O Thou Everliving LORD!
Thou who hold'ſt the Two-edg'd Sword:
Peirce this Heart of mine that I
Night, and Day to Thee may cry.

2. Let me all my Vileneſs ſee,
All the want, and worth of Thee:

Shew my Nature, alſo ſhew,
Thou my Nature wilt renew.

3. LORD, my Pride, my Haughtineſs,
Holds me from thy promis'd Peace:
Self I cannot yet lay down,
Cannot bow to Thee alone.

4. Me behold, Thou Wiſe, and Good!
Alſo in thy precious Blood!
Waſh my Heart, and enter in;
There deſtroy thou Self, and Sin.

5. Thieves have robb'd me of my Pow'r,
Thieves my Subſtance ſtill devour:
In me have they made their Den,
In me unſubdu'd they reign.

6. O my LORD thy Work begin!
Purge thy Temple make it clean:
Bid the many Thieves depart,
Rule Thou only in my Heart!

7. See, for I am naked found;
I have gain'd a deadly Wound:
Heal me LORD, and tell my Soul,
I the LORD have made thee whole.

8. So my Heart by Thee ſet free,
Thee ſhall praiſe, and only Thee:
Thee my Soul ſhall always own,
Thee my Soul ſhall bleſs alone.

HYMN

HYMN XXXVI.

The Sigh.

O! Shall I never ſee the Day?
When I no more ſhall loſe my Way:
Muſt I for ever thus go on?
And wander like a Child alone?

2. Long have I travell'd tir'd, and poor
As one whoſe Fellows were before:
O my dear GOD, allow thy Light
To me, 'till Heav'n appear in Sight.

3. Reſt, Day and Night I ſtill have ſought,
But reſtleſs mourn as one forgot:
I long have waited wiſhing nigh
The Sabbath of Eternity!

4. How long Great Shepherd, muſt I roam?
E'er Thou wilt pleaſe to take me Home:
Thou know'ſt my Heart, and all my Want,
Look down, and reſt benignly grant.

5. Yet if Thou will'ſt that I be thus,
But give me Strength to bear my Croſs;
And I ſubmit; I all can bear!
If Thou but witneſs, *I am here!*

HYMN XXXVIII.

When ſeeking GOD in Heavineſs.

WHerewith ſhall I my Mind divert?
Or where retire for Eaſe?
What will delight my heavy Heart?
Or what my Spirit pleaſe?

2. Shall I to Dignity aſpire?
Or ſeek to Pomp or Show?
Will Riches ſtay my Fierce Deſire?
Or Mines of Gold below?

3 May I in Mirth, or Feaſting find
Refreſhment for my Soul?
Will gay Apparel eaſe my Mind?
Or Pleaſure to the full?

4. Will Wine my hectick Thirſt allay?
Or drinking ſatisfy?
Will Singing chaſe my Woe away?
Or merry Company?

5. Alas! theſe Things are empty Air,
And Vanity and Droſs:
I want to have the Blood appear!
Which flow'd from JESU's Croſs.

6. O tell me not of Things below!
Of Things to pleaſe the Senſe:
I wou'd my Way to JESUS know,
And how to fly from hence.

7. Let

7. Let CHRIST to my Aſſiſtance come!
I nothing aſk beſide:
In me O let Him build his Home!
And there be glorify'd!

HYMN XXXVIII.

Pleading with GOD.

MOST Gracious GOD! Thou KING ſupreme,
Who Heav'n and Earth hath made;
High is thy Throne! And Great thy Name!
Yet let me with Thee plead.

2. Why muſt I wander in the Cloud?
Why am I ſtill oppreſt?
Conſider, O my deareſt LORD!
And ſhew my Way to Reſt.

3. My Heart is naked in thy Sight,
Thou know'ſt the Things I want:
I want to walk with Thee in Light,
O LORD, the Bleſſing grant!

4. I grieve whene'er I Thee offend,
I'm ſorry for my Sin:
I long to ſee Tranſgreſſions end!
O JESUS, make me clean!

5. Why (pardon, LORD, my bold Desire)
Must I so sad go on?
Why burn I always in the Fire?
Afflicted, and bow'd down.

6. Yet, O my FATHER! if thy Will
Be thus; lo! I submit:
Thy Pleasure on thy Clay fulfil,
I yield beneath thy Feet.

7. Thou may'st, and justly, cast away
My guilty Soul from Thee;
But only suffer me to say,
What CHRIST has done for me.

8. His Soul with many Griefs was bow'd,
And pain'd, my Wounds to heal:
So all the Blood that from Him flow'd,
Was shed my Peace to seal.

9. He gave me first myself to see,
He shew'd me I was lost;
And bid me *rise*, and promis'd me,
My Guide, the HOLY-GHOST!

10. Long have I look'd to find Him come,
But O! He yet delays:
'Tis therefore dark, and wearisome,
Are all my Works, and Ways.

11. O LORD, my Faith, my Hope increase,
If I must longer wait;
And end my Troubles in that Place
Where Thou hast made thy Seat.

HYMN

HYMN XXXIX.

Crying to come to JESUS.

LORD with Blood my Spirit ſpinkle,
Graciouſly,
Make Thou me,
Without Spot, or Wrinkle.

LORD, attend to my Petition!
Hear, and grant
What I want,
See m' unfeign'd Contrition.

3. O I want the Balm of Gilead!
Faint, and Poor,
I implore
With it to be filled.

4. Be it to my Heart applied;
Healing Balm,
From the LAMB,
Lately Crucified!

Thee O JESUS! I a Sinner
At thy Feet
Still intreat;
Thou art Faith's Beginner!

6. Faith I want on Thee my SAVIOUR!
Firm t' endure,
True, and ſure;
Till Thou me deliver.

7. Make

7. Make me willing O my FATHER!
And among
Thy lov'd Throng,
Me to JESUS gather.

8. Spare me! with thy Jewels, ſpare me,
In thy Son,
See, and own,
And for Heav'n prepare me.

9. Thro' Him would I be related
Unto thy
Majeſty!
And again created.

10. I wou'd be of Thee beloved,
Know thy Mind,
Firmly join'd
To Thee, nor be moved.

11. Here have I no ſtedfaſt Manſion,
O my LORD!
Living-Word!
Be my ſure Salvation.

12. Lift me up from many Waters,
High receive
Me, to live
With th' Immortal Creatures!

13. There my Wants, end Thou for ever!
There to ſee
CHRIST, and Thee,
FATHER me deliver.

HYMN XL.

For a Heart of Fleſh.

UNder the Hardneſs of my Heart,
I heavy Laden groan:
My Heart to ſoften, and convert,
O LORD my GOD! come down.

2. Speak, and thy Word the Rock ſhall break,
And Fleſh the Stone ſhall be:
Gracious REDEEMER in me ſpeak!
And make the Captive free.

3. Wound me, Thou good Phyſician, Wound,
And then to heal me give
The Balm that in thy Side is found;
So ſhall the Wounded live.

4. Let me my Sickneſs truly know,
Then to reſtore me come:
My bruiſed Heart, my Spirit too,
Shall there prepare Thee room.

5. If I am ſtill aſleep in Sin,
With Thunder me awake:
Shew me the State that I am in,
And thence me kindly take.

6. Unſheath thy Sword, and pierce me thro',
Make me to JESUS fly:
And when my whole Diſeaſe I know,
Thy healing Blood apply.

7. I ſeek not Peace, nor wou'd I reſt,
But in Thee LORD alone:
I want Thee in my troubled Breaſt,
There wou'd I have Thee known.

8. But leſt my Sins Petition-wall
Shou'd keep Thee out of me,
I fear, and to thy Mercy call,
LORD Mercy dwells with Thee!

9. Ariſe for my REDEEMER's ſake!
Thou GOD of ev'ry Pow'r:
What in me Thee offends, O take
Away, to be no more!

10. Let Sin no more within me dwell,
JESUS be there inſtead:
All with Joys unſpeakable!
Shall be refreſh'd, and fed.

My Body, then the Houſe of GOD,
Shall there the LORD retain:
My Heart, my Spirit waſh'd in Blood,
Shall in my SAVIOUR reign.

HYMN XLI.

In Affliction.

HEAR me, Heav'nly FATHER, hear!
Anſwer to a Sinner's Pray'r:
Anſwer to my weak Requeſt,
Grant me in thy Wounds a Reſt.

2. I am but a Stranger here,
Troubled more than I can bear:
Kindly, LORD, my Burden move,
Kindly whiſper, *Thee I love.*

3. Sweeten this my bitter Cup,
Let me in thy Mercy hope:
Shew me Thou for me haſt dy'd,
LORD, I nothing aſk beſide.

4. Leſt I Heav'n ſhou'd miſs, I fear,
Leſt Thou ſlight me, I deſpair:
Mark me, LORD, and always keep
Number'd with thy FATHER's Sheep.

5. Shew me I to Thee am giv'n,
Farther let me not be driv'n:
Reconcile, and through thy Blood,
Bring my Soul to reign with GOD.

HYMN XLII.

ANOTHER.

THrough all the Changes I have known,
My SAVIOUR's Hand me ſafe hath [brought;
When Tribulation weigh'd me down,
Thy Help, my GOD, forſook me not:
And ſhall I now diſtruſtful be!
No, LORD! Thou wilt deliver me!

2. Changes

2. Changes, and Chances me ſhall teach,
To place my Heart on Things above;
Afflictions thither may not reach,
No Sorrow there my Peace ſhall move:
Then LORD, do all thy Will on me,
Only prepare my Place with Thee.

3. Do what ſhall ſeem Thee good, and lay
Upon me whatſoe'er Thou wilt;
But ſpare me in the Judgment-day,
And fully ſave from all my Guilt.
I ſeek the Place where Thou doſt reign;
O bring me thither, tho' with Pain!

4. Permit that Trouble cloſe me in,
And Wrongs and Woes my Heart oppreſs,
Without be Wars, and Fears within,
Sadneſs, and Sighs, and Heavineſs.
Only in ev'ry Storm and Cloud,
Proclaim thyſelf a pard'ning GOD.

5. Thou know'ſt my Heart, how my Deſires
Are not for Eaſe or Pleaſure here;
My Mind to Heav'n more high aſpires,
Where now my FATHER's Sons appear.
LORD be my Strength, and I ſhall go
Victorious through the World below.

6. Valiant, if Thou but lead my Way,
Shall I thro' ev'ry Danger tread:
And Thee my Soul ſhall ſtill obey,
'Till bruiſed is the Serpent's Head;
'Till

'Till I upon his Neck ſhall ſtand,
And praiſe my Captains conq'ring Hand.

7. O love me JESUS, let thy Rod
Bear not too heavy, leſt I faint;
Chaſtiſe me not in Wrath, my GOD,
But gently uſe thy Supplicant.
Remember I am made of Clay,
And keep me, leſt I fall away.

8. Still call me thine, nor Death nor Life,
NorHeav'n, nor Hell, ſhall make me fear;
Nor Pain, nor Grief, nor Loſs, nor Strife,
Shall ever force me to deſpair.
I all ſhall overcome through Thee,
And gain a ceaſeleſs Victory.

HYMN XLIII.

ANOTHER.

BLeſs'd be the GOD, whoſe mighty Grace
Me hitherto hath led;
Hath me preſerv'd in all my Ways,
And ſtill upheld my Head.

2. How often have I dreaded Hell!
How often Vengeance fear'd!
Yet lo, I ſtill in Safety dwell!
By my CREATOR ſpar'd.

3. Surely I bold may farther hope,
My LORD me ſtill will ſave,
Will bear the helpleſs Spirit up,
For whom his Life he gave.

4. Away my Doubts, Deſpair be gone,
The LORD is yet my Friend;
His Hand ſhall bring me to the Throne,
Where all my Woes ſhall end.

5. Adore the Higheſt, O my Soul,
In Rev'rence hail the LAMB:
Thy LORD, thy Life, who merciful,
Hath cover'd all thy Shame.

6. Who bids thee to his Supper come,
And is Himſelf the Door,
The Way to thy Eternal Home,
To Peace for Evermore!

HYMN XLIV.

ANOTHER.

COme, O my Soul! and at the Feet
Of thy CREATOR bow:
Humbly approach his Mercy-ſeat,
And there thy Troubles ſhew.

2. Tell him what lies upon thy Mind,
What Sorrows thee oppreſs:
Who knows but He may be inclin'd
To comfort thee with Peace.

3. Sighing

3. Sighing, uncover all thy Heart,
And ſhew thy utmoſt Need:
Thy troubled Mind to Him impart,
Thy Wants before Him ſpread.

4. O, full of all Compaſſion, ſee!
A Sinner left forlorn!
To move thy Soul to pity me,
Think what thyſelf haſt borne.

5. Remember when in Tears, and Blood!
Thou wreſtled'ſt once, and ſtrove,
To reconcile me to my GOD!
And to procure his Love.

6. O recollect the dreadful Hour!
When in an Agony,
Thy Soul withſtood the Serpent's Pow'r!
And bore Iniquity!

7. I am but Clay, LORD let not Grief
Too heavy on me lie:
Come, JESUS! to thy Child's Relief!
O bring Eternal Day!

HYMN XLV.

Pleading in Diſtreſs.

MY LORD ſhall hear my ſad Complaint,
I'll tell my SAVIOUR what I want:
My Pray'r before Him will I make,
And He away my Guilt ſhall take.

2. Dear JESUS, I unworthy am,
Unworthy once to uſe thy Name;
For I have ſinn'd, with Sin comply'd,
Yet will I pray for Thou haſt dy'd

3. My Faults are many, many more!
Than Sands upon the Ocean's Shore:
My Nature vile, to Folly prone,
And all is Sin that I have done.

4. Yet ſince thy Blood for ſuch was ſhed,
As Sinners were, and Loſt, and Dead:
I now the glorious Merit claim!
I plead thy Suff'rings, Bleeding LAMB.

5. I am like Seas which cannot reſt,
A Storm is always in my Breaſt:
A troubled Conſcience weighs me down,
And Woes to all (but Thee) unknown.

6. I ſeek by Pray'r, by Hymns, by Sighs,
To vent my many Miſeries:
But can't expreſs my weight of Guilt,
Thou know'ſt—Thou haſt the Burden felt.

7. Scarce Day awakes me on my Bed,
But my Companions Guilt, and Dread,
At once poſeſs my trembling Mind,
And me their helpleſs Priſoner bind.

8. Oft have I ſought to Man for Eaſe,
And ſtrove with Bitterneſs for Peace:
But ſtill unhelp'd I make my Pray'r,
To Thee, entreating Thee to hear.

9. I

9. I am a Sinner, friendleſs too,
Acquainted well with Grief, and Woe:
I heard of Thee how good Thou wert,
And brought (for Thee to heal) my Heart.

10. Let not my calling be refus'd,
O JESUS! do as Thou art us'd:
Relieve with Faith my fainting Soul,
And ſay, *thy Faith hath made thee whole.*

11. My State is fearful, ſelf-abhor'd,
And left as ſlighted by the LORD:
'Tis comfortleſs thus to go on,
Weary, and laden, and alone.

12. Conſider, O my LORD, my Cauſe,
Nor execute thy righteous Laws;
But by thy Innocence acquit,
The Rebel now before thy Feet.

13. Whate'er Thou aſk's my GOD will give,
O aſk that guilty I may live!
But ſpeak—and I from Sin ſet free
Will ſpend my Life in praiſing Thee.

14. LORD ſhew thy FATHER what I feel,
How groan I at the Verge of Hell:
And let thy cruel Death conſtrain,
His Hand to ſave me from my Pain.

15. See, JESUS! how diſtracting Thoughts,
Of miſpent Time, and countleſs Faults,
Take all my Hope away; and I
Am left involv'd in Miſery.

16. Let Pity move thy Soul to ſave
The Soul whom Hopes, and Comforts leave:
And let me LORD a Pattern be
Of Love to all who ſeek for Thee.

17. If as I am, I leave Thee now,
For Help, O whither ſhall I go!
LORD think on this—and while I roam
Call me, and bid me, *Sinner come.*

18. O cou'd I hear Thee once proclaim,
Look up for I thy SAVIOUR *am*:
How ſhou'd my Soul to meet Thee run?
Or melt in praiſe before thy Throne!

19. I cannot end my Suit, nor reſt,
'Till I am from my Woes releas'd:
O LORD, be importun'd, and move,
To ſhew on me thy pard'ning Love.

20. I periſh! O I periſh, LORD,
Unleſs thy Help Thou me afford:
I die eternally, my God!
If Thou refuſe me JESU's Blood.

21. Yet I ſubmit---for Hell's my Due!
If Thou thy Mercy never ſhew,
Thy Juſtice I adore! and own,
Righteous the Hand that caſts me down.

22. Shou'd now the Pit her Mouth uncloſe,
And take me into endleſs Woes!
My juſt Deſert I then ſhou'd have,
Though all but me my GOD ſhou'd ſave.

23. To Sov'reign Grace I bow my Knees,
Let God do with me as he pleaſe:
I wait before thy awful Bar!
Condemn me, or in Mercy ſpare.

HYMN. XLVI.

The Sinner's Prayer.

O Bleſſed JESUS! *David*'s Son,
The Holy Woman's Seed:
Look down, for thy Name's ſake, look down,
And hear a Sinner plead.

2. Didſt Thou not come the ſtray'd to find,
To ſeek, and ſave the Loſt?
To bleſs the Poor among Mankind?
LORD I am one, Thou know'ſt!

3. Thou know'ſt that I a Sinner am!
To me Repentance give:
Cover my Sin, and hide my Shame,
And teach me to believe.

4. I own myſelf a ſinful Son,
A fooliſh Child, and poor:
Forget the Folly I have done,
Think on my Sin no more.

5. Remember not, but, O forgive!
My weary ſin-ſick Soul:
Paſs by me, LORD, ſay, *Sinner live;*
My Grace hath made thee whole.

HYMN

HYMN XLVII.

ANOTHER.

MY LORD, my JESUS, me permit,
To plead before thy Throne:
Suffer a Sinner at thy Feet,
To tell what I have done.

2. Guilty in Thought, and Word, and Deed,
Am I, unhappy I!
Aſham'd to raiſe my guilty Head,
Like one condemn'd to die.

3. My Years have all been ſpent in Sin,
I all my Days have err'd:
Unclean without, impure within,
Unworthy to be ſpar'd.

4. Careleſs in *Zion*, and at Eaſe,
Have I continu'd LORD:
A Stranger to mine own Diſeaſe,
Thy Peace, thy Joy, thy Word.

5. I with the fooliſh Virgins ſlept,
Nor knew the Bridegroom nigh:
Others their Lamps in order kept,
While Thoughtleſs ſlumber'd I.

6. Now Fears, and Dread poſſeſs my Mind,
Leſt I too late repent:
Leſt I Salvation never find,
Nor come from Baniſhment.

7. I know if Thou ſhalt prove ſevere,
I ſhall be caſt away:
Where then ſhall wretched I appear,
In the amazing Day!

8. If Thou ſhalt give me my Reward,
Or into Judgment call,
I know beneath thy righteous Sword,
My guilty Soul muſt fall!

9. If Thou with me ſhould'ſt juſtly deal,
As I by Thee have dealt:
Such Torment ſhall I ever feel,
As dying *Spira* felt!

10. O Thou who once from Heav'n came
To ſave the Sons of Men;
To ſave me loſt, and left alone,
Thee let thy Love conſtrain.

11. If not too far my Soul be ſtray'd,
Then bring me back to Thee:
Make me alive who now am Dead,
And live Thou, LORD, in me.

12. Draw me, for O! the Pow'r is thine
And after Thee I'll come;
Nor ſit me down 'till Heav'n be mine,
And I have found a Home.

HYMN

HYMN XLVIII.

ANOTHER.

FOrgive me, LORD, for I have ſinn'd,
Have done amiſs, and ſtray'd:
Have grieved Thee, my only Friend,
And greatly diſobey'd.

2. Always have I unfaithful been,
Prone backward ſtill to go:
Starting from Thee and into Sin,
Juſt like a broken Bow.

3. What ſhall I do? I guilty am,
Ungrateful, ſinful Duſt:
If Thou ſhou'dſt me to Hell condemn,
Thy Sentence wou'd be juſt!

4. Hell have I merited, my LORD,
Nor other is my due:
'Tis righteous, ſhou'd thy Wrath be pour'd,
Upon my Spirit now!

5. Thy Juſtice (ſhould'ſt Thou me conſume)
Wou'd I my GOD adore!
But ſhou'd thy Mercy give me room,
LORD, I wou'd praiſe Thee more.

HYMN

HYMN XLIX.

ANOTHER.

MY GOD! my GOD receive the Cry,
Of me thy ſinful Child:
Weary with cruel Slavery,
And with my Blood defil'd.

2. Shou'd I to tell my Crimes begin,
Or reckon up my Faults:
My Tongue wou'd fail, for all is Sin,
My Words, my Deeds, my Thoughts.

3. Nothing that I have ſaid, or done,
Has been from Folly clear:
I from my Youth aſtray have gone,
Forward, and prone to Err.

4. But now I grieve, I mourn, I mourn,
That thus I ſpent my Days:
O let me, LORD, again be born;
And walk in purer Ways.

5. Forgive, O JESUS! and reſtore,
Thy Servant long miſled:
In ſaving me O ſhew thy Pow'r!
And raiſe me from the Dead.

6. Tho' long in Sin as in a Grave,
Like *Laz'rus* I have lain:
I yet believe Thou me can'ſt ſave,
And call to Life again.

7. No-

7. Nothing's too hard for Thee to do!
Thou canſt recover me;
O looſe me, LORD! and let me go,
And I will follow Thee.

HYMN L.

Coming to CHRIST.

AH, LORD I come, but poor and vile,
I know my Feet thy Courts defile:
I know my Merit is thy Wrath!
My juſt deſert, eternal Death!

2. Yet I preſume, I can but die;
I plead conſtrain'd by Miſery:
I feel my want, I ſee my Shame,
For help, to Thee I therefore came.

3. If Thou ſhou'dſt call me to the Bar,
I know the Portion I ſhall ſhare:
For Sin, and Hell wou'd there agree,
As Witneſſes, to ruin me.

4. If Thou requir'ſt, I'll freely own
The many Evils I have done:
I'll ſhew my open Heart to Thee,
And Thou the utmoſt Guilt ſhall ſee.

5. But while I bring my Sin to light,
And lay my Folly in thy Sight,
I fear thy Juſtice—therefore I
Beſeech Thee look to *Calvary!* 6. While

6. While Thou behold'ſt that noted Hill,
(As tho' the Croſs was ſtanding ſtill)
I boldly ſay, *I neither fear!*
Thy Law, thy Juſtice, nor thy Bar!

7. Look thither then! and I'll begin;
LORD I am nothing elſe but Sin:
My Works, and Words are only Fruit,
Of inbred Sin, the curſed Root!

8. O eaſe me LORD! for while I ſpeak
The Iron Yoke ſo gauls my Neck,
I cannot bear it! I muſt die,
Unleſs Thou help me ſpeedily!

9. I every other Help diſown,
'Tis Thou can'ſt do me good alone!
'Tis only Thou my Sin can'ſt hide!
In the bleſt Cave of JESU's Side!

10, I know there's Room; O let me go!
Where Vengeance may not me purſue:
Thy Wounds—if Thou would'ſt hide me there
I'll end in endleſs Praiſe, my Prayer.

HYMN LI.

Reſtleſs.

ALaſs! for whither can I run, [where?
When Thou my GOD art ev'ry
If up to Heav'n? lo! there's thy Throne,
If down to Hell! thy Wrath is there!

2. The Ends of all the Earth Thou know'ſt,
Thou walkeſt on the boiling Seas:
On every Land, and diſtant Coaſt,
In darkeſt Caves, 'midſt thickeſt Trees.

3. Where ſhall I ſeek for covert then?
Since every Cavern every Wood
Are known to GOD, no remote Den,
Or Heav'n, or Earth, can do me Good.

4. Yes! for on yonders Mountain grows
The Thing I want, behold the Tree!
What Shelter is beneath its Boughs?
Bleſt Branches ye ſhall cover me.

5. I know what makes thy Shade ſo good,
(Strangers have often ſpoke thy Fame)
Thou art the Croſs! my SAVIOUR's Blood
Is freſh upon Thee, and his Name.

6. O heav'nly Covering! ſacred Shade!
No Law, no Vengeance here I fear:
This is the Reſt that JESUS made!
I'll ſit me down, and reſt me here.

HYMN LII.

For the Wiſdom of GOD.

O That I was taught of GOD!
Learn'd on JESUS to believe:
Knew the Sprinkling of his Blood,
Knew the Mark the Sheep receive.

2. LORD

2. LORD I cannot be deny'd!
LORD I will not let Thee go!
'Till thy Merits be apply'd,
'Till thy Love to me I know.

3. I am fooliſh, and unwiſe,
Ephraim-like, I ſtill have been:
Scales have hung upon my Eyes,
Scales of Ignorance, and Sin.

4. O my LORD thy Wiſdom grant;
That which cometh from above;
Such alone Thou know'ſt I want,
Teach me, learn me all thy Love.

5. Carnal Wiſdom take away!
All my ſinful Arts deſtroy:
Teach me, in my Heart diſplay,
CHRIST my Wiſdom, Peace, and Joy.

HYMN LIII.

ANOTHER.

ALAS, how fooliſh am I ſtill!
How ign'rant of my MAKER'S Will!
How very darkly do I ſee!
Sin, curſed Sin hath blinded me.

2. O Thou from whom deſcends alone,
The Wiſdom which thy Saints have known:
Direct me now the Gift to find;
For I (Thou know'ſt, my LORD) am blind.

3. I want to know Thee who Thou art,
I want to find Thee in my Heart:
To know how I may die to Sin,
Nor longer live my Life therein.

4. I want the Knowledge of thy SON,
The Manna, and the New White Stone:
To be acquainted with the LAMB,
To know the Virtues of his Name.

5. I want the Vict'ry over Death,
The full Assurance of the Faith:
The Liberty to walk in Light,
In Robes (thro' JESU's Blood) made white.

6. I want to tread upon the Head
Of Satan, and the Serpent's Seed:
Nor wou'd I want my Foot to move,
'Till I were call'd to reign above.

7. I am not well till are supply'd
These Wants, and many more beside:
I know Thou canst—this for me do,
And let me to my *Canaan* go.

HYMN LIV.

Seeking CHRIST.

AGain, Auspicious LORD, I come!
Again I with thy Flock presume:
O that to-day I Thee may find!
And to Thee ease my burden'd Mind.

2. I

2. I ſorrow, LORD, and 'tis to have
A Place with Thee beyond the Grave:
I want in ſtedfaſt Faith to ſay,
I know the Life, the Truth, the Way.

3. Hither I oft have come, and ſtood,
To wait the Droppings of thy Blood:
Struggled in vain myſelf to looſe,
From all the Pow'rs who Grace oppoſe.

4. But this is nothing, tho' I give
My Body to be burn'd; and live
In all eſteem'd Morality;
If JESUS be not found in me.

5. I know all other Things are vain,
All Wiſdom, Art, and Craft of Men:
But CHRIST alone, that better Part;
That *One Thing Needful* in my Heart.

6. If Thou, O Holy GOD canſt hear!
A Rebel when he makes his Pray'r,
Then peradventure I may prove,
How beyond Meaſure Thou art Love!

7. I know of Sinners I am chief!
Found in the blackeſt Unbelief:
Nor any thing can do me good,
But the rich Drops of JESU's Blood.

8. Nothing can melt my Heart of Stone,
But that Redeeming Stream alone;
Nothing beſide can waſh out Sin!
Or make the ſinful Spirit clean.

9. One precious Drop, LORD JESUS, grant!
One precious Drop is all I want!
One Word applying thy dear Blood,
Shall make me cry, *My LORD! my GOD!*

HYMN LV.

For the Indwelling of CHRIST.

LET others their Affections place,
On Earth, or Things below:
I, on the LAMB whom Angels praiſe!
Will all my Heart beſtow.

2. He is the SAVIOUR! loving me!
My Heart He juſtly claims:
His Temple He wou'd have me be,
And me his Temple Names.

3. But OI often harbour there
A Company of Thieves:
Anger and Luſt, and Pride, and Care,
My fooliſh Breaſt receives.

4. From theſe I want to part, and then
My LORD ſhall have their room:
Within his Temple He ſhall reign,
And make the Houſe his Home.

5. Haſten thy Coming O my Friend!
And all thy Foes deſtroy:
The Works of Satan in me end,
And fill me with thy Joy.

6. Knock

6. Knock now, and I will let Thee in
My condeſcending GOD:
This Tabernacle ſtain'd with Sin,
Shall be thy chaſte abode.

7. Come, for I cannot let Thee reſt,
'Till in my Heart is giv'n:
Thy Glory, LORD! the ſweet foretaſte,
Of mine Eternal Heav'n!

HYMN LVI.

For the Preſence of GOD.

BE with me O my LORD my GOD,
Be always, ev'ry where my Guide;
That all thy Will be underſtood
By me; and leſt I go aſide,
Me daily teach, acquaint me ſtill,
With all thy Counſel, all thy Will.

2. If Danger any Time be near,
Or Pow'rs of Darkneſs me beſet,
From me, my JESUS, go not far,
Nor even once my Soul forget:
From Snares, and Dangers yet unſeen,
Still ſave me, LORD, and daily ſcreen.

3. Arm me with Patience, ſuch as dwelt
In holy *Job*, 'midſt his Diſtreſs:
Such Love as *John*, and *Daniel* felt,
Let me from Hour to Hour poſeſs:

With

With Grace and Truth, let me be ſtor'd;
And cover'd with my humble LORD.

4. In all that I from Thee receive,
In all that Thou art pleas'd to grant,
One needful Thing, my FATHER, give,
Which is, that I may know my want:
My helpleſs ſtate ſtill let me ſee,
And teach me how to look to Thee.

HYMN LVII.

Deſiring to walk worthily.

HOW ſweet a Frame do they enjoy!
Who always wait on GOD?
Whoſe Hearts perpetual employ,
Is ſeeking his abode?

2. No Fear of Death, nor Dread of Hell
Can cauſe them once to ſtart:
In them the Law of Peace they feel,
Written upon their Heart.

3. Whate'er their ſtedfaſt Souls befall,
It cannot them ſurpriſe:
Their Life's in CHRIST, their Home, their All,
Is fix't in pureſt Skies.

4. Above the Reach of Moth, or Thieves,
Their Treaſure is ſecure:
The Witneſs GOD their Father gives,
And makes their Portion ſure.

5. When

5. When others mourn their Loſſes here
Their Souls reflect in Peace,
My Heav'n to loſe I need not fear,
My GOD confirms my Bliſs.

6. If Friends are number'd with the Dead,
They cannot hopeleſs mourn:
For they (deliver'd to their Head)
Shall never thence return!

7. They know they ſoon ſhall follow them,
To Zion's peaceful Shore:
To drink of Life's Eternal Stream,
To be disjoin'd no more:

8. If Troubles ſeem to ſtop their Way,
To Heav'n their Cry they ſend:
And journey thro' 'till endleſs Day,
Their every Trouble end.

8. O GOD, for JESU's ſake appear!
For poor unworthy me:
Go forth before me, move my Fear,
And lead me ſafe to Thee.

10. See in a wicked World I roam,
Far from my *Eden* driv'n:
To guide me back let JESUS come,
I fain would find thy Heav'n!

11. O that Thou wouldſt renew my Soul,
And me from wand'ring ſave;
And having heal'd, and made me whole,
Then hide me in the Grave.

HYMN

HYMN LVIII.

ANOTHER.

WHEN O my MASTER ſhall it be,
That I ſhall have my fill of Thee?
When ſhall the Pow'r of Sin be o'er?
And I be freed to Sin no more?

2. I will not give Thee any Reſt,
'Till I am of that State poſſeſs'd,
Which *Abraham*, *Job*, and *Enoch* knew;
Who humbly walk'd with GOD below.

3. Like them, I want to walk with Thee,
In Peace, and in Simplicity:
In Thee I more and more wou'd ſhine!
'Till all the Heav'n of Heav'ns, are mine.

4. I hear their Lives, and longing ſay,
O that I too might ſee the Day!
When I ſhall in their Footſteps tread,
And imitate, like them, my Head.

5. I hear their Acts, and what they bore,
And I my ſlothful Self abhor:
As faithful Soldiers they purſu'd
Thy War, thro' Storms of Fire, and Blood.

5. Alas how little have I done!
In Wiſdom's Ways how little known!
Inſpire me LORD with Love, and Pow'r,
And lo I'll ſerve Thee more, and more.

HYMN

HYMN LIX.

Desiring to walk with GOD.

ALmighty MAKER! LORD of all,
Who rules o'er ev'ry Pow'r:
Before whose Face whole Armies fall!
And blushing Hosts adore!

2. How shall I dare approach thy Throne?
Thou awful GOD! and High?
When conscious what I, Wretch! have done,
Against thy MAJESTY!

3. Yet seeing the REDEEMER dy'd,
In Boldness I presume:
O blessed LAMB (once crucify'd)
To commune with me come.

4. Be Thou my Fellow in my Way,
My Leader JESUS be:
And with, and in me ever stay,
'Till I come up to Thee.

5. Thou knowest how I daily err,
How oft I go amiss:
O guide me, LORD! LORD still be near,
My Shield, my Righteousness,

6. My wand'ring Feet in Love confine,
To tread where Thou hast trod:
And teach this stubborn Soul of mine,
Humbly to walk with GOD.

7. All

7. All things I hear, or feel, or ſee,
Makes me the LAMB forget:
O fix Thou ſtedfaſtly on Thee,
My falſe Back-ſliding Feet.

8. With Pow'r too great to be withſtood!
Draw me to ſeek thy Face;
Compel me, LORD! compel me, GOD,
To yield to SOV'REIGN GRACE.

9. Bow me, and take away my Pride,
Abaſe my ſinful Will;
Let my own Pleaſure be deny'd,
And thine alone fulfil.

10. Appoint my Trials, and ordain
My many Griefs, or few:
Only one Suit let me obtain,
O bring me Conq'ror through!

11. Finiſh my weary Pilgrimage,
In faithful *Abraham*'s Breaſt.
Where (far from Hell's, or Mortal's Rage)
Thy Happy Children reſt.

HYMN LX.

For Pureneſs of Heart.

O Thou who all Things ſee'ſt!
Who tries the Heart and Reins:
Behold I open Thee my Breaſt,
A Den of ſecret Sins.

2. To none but Thee alone,
Can I my Mind impart:
Or ſhew the Folly which is done,
In my deceitful Heart.

3. O good Phyſician view!
And heal my ſore diſeaſe:
I want in every thing I do,
Thee, (not my ſelf) to pleaſe.

4. Cover'd from ev'ry Eye,
My Evil lurks within:
Thou only can'ſt my Thoughts deſcry!
Thou only know'ſt my Sin.

5. How long, O LORD, how long!
Shall I unfaithful be?
When JESUS! ſhall my Heart, and Tongue
Unfeignedly agree?

6. I want the happy Day!
The bliſsful Hour to come:
When I no more ſhall go aſtray,
Till I regain my Home.

HYMN LXI.

Crying after CHRIST.

LORD hear me! for no mortal will,
But to deride my Mone:
JESUS! I faint—O pray ſtand ſtill!
My Hope is almoſt gone!

2. I heard Thou waſt before, and ſtrove
Thee LORD to overtake:
But find I can't; I die with Love,
If Thou forbear to ſpeak!

3. Vouchſafe to aſk me what I want?
O my dear LORD 'tis Reſt:
Be pleas'd the loweſt Place to grant
To me, in *Abraham*'s Breaſt.

4. Yet more I want, I thirſt! I thirſt!
But not for Things below:
I want to drink among the Juſt,
Where living Waters flow!

5. I know a Fountain open'd is,
For Sinners ſuch as I:
Which flow's in ceaſeleſs Streams of Bliſs,
Whoſe Springs are never dry.

6. Many I hear its Vertues tell,
How 'tis beyond compare!
To quench the Thirſt, to cleanſe, to heal,
LORD JESUS bring me here!

HYMN LXII.

The Acceptable Offering.

WHAT ſhall I do to pleaſe!
My SAVIOUR, and my Friend?
How to the Son of Ancient Days,
Shall I me recommend?

2. If

2. If all *Arabia*'s Gums,
Were in my Bosom stor'd:
Or were I full of all Perfumes,
It wou'd not charm my LORD.

3. Nor can I please by Dress,
The Author of my Good:
Unless my Robe be Righteousness,
Wash'd in immortal Blood!

4. Nor Beauty, nor Array,
Nor Pedigree, nor Name,
Will please the Sun of endless Day!
Or once delight the LAMB.

5. A broken Heart alone,
The SAVIOUR will receive:
For this, He meekly left his Throne,
And this I have to give.

6. The Thing which He requires,
Is only Willingness;
Prov'd good by the unquench'd Desires
For Holiness, and Peace.

7. Then LORD behold! I bring
A Heart athirst for Thee:
O my Eternal Precious KING!
Come down and reign in me.

8. My Preparation State,
Shall be ev'n as I am:
A poor lost Sinner, will I wait,
Help me my LORD, the LAMB.

HYMN LXIII.

Sighing to walk with GOD.

WHEN ſhines the Preſence of the
Of my REDEEMER GOD, [Grace,
Joy fill's my Soul; and Love, and Peace,
Flow in me like a Flood.

2. But when a Cloud appears between
My FATHER's Face, and me,
I loſe myſelf, and fall in Sin,
And wander, LORD, from Thee.

3. O let me ſee the happy Day!
When I no more ſhall err:
When I no more ſhall go aſtray,
But firmly perſevere.

4. I grieve becauſe my faithleſs Feet
So often leads me wrong:
O call me, LORD, in Peace to ſit,
With Heav'ns triumphant Throng.

HYMN LXIV.

Preſſing on to JESUS.

SUffer me more, and more to know,
My Portion in my GOD:
In me let living-waters flow,
Mingled with JESU's Blood.

2. With-

2. Within my Heart thy Love reveal,
There let me Thee receive;
There open Thou Salvation's Well,
And let me drink, and live.

3. In me a ſecret Longing is,
In me a ſecret Care,
To taſte my deareſt MASTER's Bliſs;
To have my LORD appear.

4. A pleaſing Pow'r me often Warm's,
Me drawing after Thee:
In which, (as in my SAVIOURS Arms)
I find Felicity.

5. LORD might this ſweet Enjoyment laſt,
'Till I have ſpent my Days;
Cou'd I thus always Heav'n foretaſte,
Thee always wou'd I praiſe.

6. But lo! I all my Will reſign,
Only me always own:
And often call me, *Thou art mine*,
And let thy Will be done!

HYMN LXV.

Groaning for Liberty.

O LAMB of GOD! whoſe Blood was ſhed
To take my Sin away:
My Friend! who for my Ranſome bled,
Attend and hear me pray!

2. I am perſwaded, I am ſure!
My Sins are laid on Thee:
But yet I groan 'till I am pure,
As Thou would'ſt have me be.

3. Yet I look up to Thee the Same
As knowing I have Need:
Still, ſtill I call upon thy Name!
'Till I am free indeed.

4. 'Till from the Pow'r of inbred Sin
I find Deliverance:
And ſoar to Glory white, and clean,
With thine Inheritance!

HYMN LXVI.

Aſking in Faith.

THOU ſaid'ſt, O LORD, *where two or three,*
Shall be agreed to call on Me,
(If when they ſeek Me they believe)
Whatever they ſhall aſk, I'll give.

2. To-day in Faith we Thee implore,
Illuminate us more and more:
'Till each ſhall walk in ceaſeleſs Light
With JESU's open Arms in Sight.

3. Nor is this all, we pray Thee ſtill,
Th' amazing Myſt'ry of thy Will!
Teach us; and let us underſtand
The Wiſdom of thy ord'ring Hand.

4. The

4. The full Aſſurance of thy Love,
Reveal ſo clear, that none may move
Our Joy in Faith; nor ſtay our Feet,
'Till Heav'n our ripen'd Souls compleat.

5. This Thou wilt give—we dare not ſay
When, deareſt LORD! or in what Way:
But lo! 'till Thou on us beſtow
Theſe Things, we will not let Thee go.

6. No, Maſter! for the Word is ſaid,
Thy Promiſes to us are made:
'Till in us Thee we fully know,
JESUS, we will not let Thee go.

HYMN LXVII.

Rejoicing in the LORD.

LET others in the World delight,
Let Drunkards love their Wine:
The Curious pleaſe their Ear and Sight,
CHRIST JESUS ſhall be mine!

2. Sing ye, ye Worldlings, of your Gain,
Your Honours and Applauſe:
I have the LAMB, who once was ſlain;
I bear the hallow'd Croſs.

3. 'Tis true, ye Men of Earth acquire
A Name of Praiſe below:
A better Name I ſeek; and higher
For Character I go.

4. My

4. My JESUS shall aloud proclaim,
In ev'ry open Ear,
This is my Child, my ranson'd Lamb,
My Co-eternal Heir!

5. O! I had rather all refuse,
Than have my LORD unknown:
CHRIST, none but CHRIST my KING I chuse
Let CHRIST be mine alone!

HYMN LXVIII.

Finding the BELOVED.

O Ye Sons of Men attend!
The Language of my Tongue:
JESUS is become my Friend!
My JESUS is my Song.
Loſt, and naked Him I ſought,
I look'd to find Him in the Night:
Now I to his Feet am brought!
He fills me with his Light!

2. Now I taſte the living Bread!
I know the New White Stone!
On the Manna now I feed,
To all but Sons unknown!
Now the Secret of the LORD!
The Ark comes down to dwell with me!
I am through the LAMB reſtor'd,
To walk in Liberty!

3. Satan,

3. Satan, where is now thy Boaſt?
Hell where is now thy Prey?
Where the Lamb who late was loſt?
The Sheep who went aſtray?
Lo! 'tis in the SAVIOUR's Arms!
'Tis in IMMANUEL's Boſom laid!
I am got above thy Charms!
My Price, my Debt is paid!

4. Underneath my SAVIOUR's Wings,
I ſit with great Delight:
Full of Love my Spirit ſings!
While open in my Sight,
JESUS my REDEEMER ſtands!
I know his Wounds were made for me!
On his Feet, and in his Hands,
My Name in Blood I ſee!

5. Join'd to JESUS, and compleat,
In Him my Head am I:
All my JESU's Graces meet,
My Soul to juſtify:
JESUS manifeſts, and clear,
That I am His, and He is mine!
Still before me ev'ry where!
My SAVIOUR's Merits ſhine.

HYMN.

HYMN LXIX.

ANOTHER.

MORE of thy Mercy let me prove!
My dearest LORD, and more of Love:
Enough I have not 'till I know,
The Joys, that in thy Kingdom flow.

2. Pour on me! O pour faster down
The Love that others have not known:
Open the Windows of thy Bliss!
And show'r down on me Righteousness!

3. I know Thou hear'st thy Servants Pray'r
The Joys, and all I ask appear:
The Things I wou'd, I now receive!
And greater Things my GOD shall give.

4. Can I, dear MASTER, Thee forget?
O sooner slay me at thy Feet:
Shall I rob Thee of Honour due?
Rather me fill with utmost Woe!

5. Still let me (as I have begun)
Ascribe all Strength to Thee alone!
All Wisdom, Bliss, Salvation, Pow'r!
And Joy, and Praise for Evermore!

HYMN

HYMN LXX.

A Sight of Canaan.

OFten as from Mount *Piſgah*'s top,
I ſee the promis'd Land:
And often fill'd with GOD my Hope!
On *Tabor*'s Brow I ſtand.

2. I taſte the Fruit of Paradiſe!
And CHRIST my SAVIOUR know:
The Veil is taken from mine Eyes,
While I my Country view!

3. I ſee my Place, my JESUS there!
And fain wou'd enter in:
Fain wou'd forſake my Self, and Fear,
And ceaſe from ev'ry Sin.

4. Juſt as the Pilgrim longs for Reſt,
When weary in the Night;
So longs my Spirit to be bleſt,
Within the Heav'n in Sight.

5. Nor do I doubt, but I ſhall find,
My ceaſeleſs Manſion there!
And leave the ſleepy World behind,
And Sin, and Grief, and Care.

6. 'Till here I meet the Prince of Peace,
I ſhall not end my Cry:
But daily pray, *LORD ſhew thy Face!*
I want to ſee Thee nigh.

HYMN

HYMN LXXI.

Praiſe for Redemption.

GIVE Ear my GOD and KING!
While I thy Praiſes ſing:
While thy Mercies I rehearſe,
While thy Goodneſs I declare:
How Thou didſt my Doubt diſperſe,
How Thou didſt diſpel my Fear.

2. I ſought, and wander'd long!
And all I did was wrong:
Hell e're now had been my Place!
(I ſo much had err'd and ſtray'd)
Had not thy Preventing Grace,
Stop'd my Way, my Spirit ſtay'd.

3. Of Works I made my Boaſt,
Not knowing I was loſt:
'Till my LORD unveil'd my Eyes;
Then myſelf, my State I ſaw:
Compaſs'd round by Enemies!
Bound to keep the perfect Law.

4. Then cry'd I unto Thee!
And Thou did'ſt ſet me free;
All my Sins did'ſt Thou forgive!
Call'd unworthy me thy Son;
Call'd me, ſaying, *Sinner live!*
O my LORD, thy Will be done!

5. I live; and yet not I!
But CHRIST—and lo! I die;
While I die to ev'ry Sin
Living Waters in me flow:
JESU's Spirit dwells within,
Teaching me thy Love to know.

6. O that the World might prove
The Heighth and Depth of Love:
O that All with open Eyes!
Thee might see, and find Thee good:
Timely seek, betimes be wise,
Cleansing them in JESU's Blood.

7. Since Thou, O LORD, art mine,
My Heart shall now be thine:
Thou, my LORD, shalt have my Pow'r!
All my Strength, my Soul, my Mind;
All I have shall Thee adore!
'Till my endless Heav'n I find.

8. Tho' with a stamm'ring Tongue,
I'll make Thee still my Song:
All my Pilgrimage I'll spend,
In the Praises of my King:
So where Joys shall never end!
Thee my SAVIOUR will I sing.

HYMN LXXII.

ANOTHER.

LORD GOD of *Isr'el*! KING of Kings!
To whom Heav'n's Army ceaseless sings!
Despise not what I offer now,
But me to hear, thy Dwelling bow.

2. Late was I by the Devil led,
His willing Captive I was made:
'Till call'd by Thee, whom when I knew,
I lov'd, and thirsted for Thee too.

3. Three slow-wheel'd Years I waited tir'd,
And then, 'till nine long Months expir'd,
When thy dear Face appear'd and shone!
And I cou'd call Thee (LORD) my own.

4. Thine Everlasting Arms of Grace,
Still does my favour'd Soul embrace:
And while I prove thy Love, and Care,
To praise Thee, ne'er will I forbear.

5. Others may sing and not be blam'd,
May lewdly sing, nor be asham'd:
And shall my Soul thro' Shame decline?
No, not so long as CHRIST is mine!

6. My Song, like thine Eternal Love,
Shall still the same for Ever prove;
I'll sing in Clouds, and Heaviness,
As well as in my Joy, and Peace.

7. I know the Tempter daily tries
To ſtop m'unworthy Sacrifice:
But lo! 'tis all that I can give,
And GOD ſhall have it while I live.

8. Salvation to the bleeding LAMB!
Whoſe Heav'n my Soul can juſtly claim:
To Him the SON of Ancient Days,
Be Wiſdom, Strength, and Love, and Praiſe!

HYMN LXXIII.

Finding the BELOVED.

O Cou'd I tell what I have found,
The Univerſe ſhou'd hear!
The Captive Sinners all around,
Shou'd my rejoicing ſhare!

2. The Drunkards, Covetous, and Proud
(Thoſe Brands preſerv'd from Hell)
Shou'd hear me ſing how my dear GOD,
Delights with me to dwell!

3. Had I but Pow'r, the World below
(Like that above) ſhou'd prove
What 'tis the SON of GOD to know!
To know his pard'ning Love!

4. O Sinners! did you know what Room
Is ſtill for you in GOD,
You all wou'd to the SAVIOUR come!
And praiſe Redeeming Blood.

5. It ſprinkles me from blackeſt Sins!
It makes my Heart anew:
A new Creation it begins
In me, and ſhall in you.

6. If ye your loſt Condition know,
And truly ſee your Wants,
Come, and the LORD will number you
Among his ſhining Saints.

7. Thou my REDEEMER wilt reſtore
(As Thou haſt done for me)
Thy Peace to Halt, and Lame, and Poor,
When they are drawn to Thee.

HYMN LXXIV.

A Foretaſte of HEAVEN.

RIſe up, my Soul, to Heav'n aſpire!
Where flames the Altar's holy Fire:
Behold around it wond'ring ſtand,
The Saints redeem'd from ev'ry Land.

2. Upon the Altar high the Throne,
The LAMB appears, the FATHER's SON:
Freſh on his Robes the Blood is ſeen,
The precious Blood he ſhed for Men.

3. The glorious Throng in Raptures gaze,
On JESU's Love, on JESU's Grace:
Bleſt with amaſing Favour, they
Adore the LORD, their Life, their Way.

Re-

4. Rememb'ring how (in Worlds below)
The SAVIOUR taught them where to go;
Learn'd them the Faith, and dy'd for them,
In grateful Songs they bleſs his Name.

5. Bliſsful Fruition ſwallow's up,
Their noble Faith, their joyful Hope:
No more ſhall ought their Minds employ
But Everlaſting, endleſs Joy!

6. Hark! from the LAMB a Pray'r aſcends,
For his afflicted, baniſh'd Friends:
He prays that they may ſhare his Feaſt,
And me remember's with the Reſt.

7. See! by his FATHER's Side He Stands,
Spread's (Interceeding) wide his Hands:
Therein are wrote with Blood the Names
Of all his Sheep, of all his Lambs.

8. Th' Aſtoniſh'd Ranks forſake their Throne,
And while He plead's their Heads uncrown:
Their Faces in their Wings they veil,
Humbled in Bliſs unſpeakable!

9. The Golden Harps with ſolemn Noiſe!
The Sounds and Shouts of Angels Joys,
Harmoniouſly to praiſe agree!
The only GOD! myſterious Three.

10. Each Spirit to his Fellow call's,
In Echoing Lays, and proſtrate fall's:
While every Lute melodious ſounds,
The Merit of IMMANUEL's Wounds.

11. Words are not heard, for O! their [Song,
Surpaſs the Language of the Tongue!
Their Voice beſide them none can know,
But Saints who taſte a CHRIST below.

12. O ſweeteſt Manſions! heav'nly Praiſe!
Immortal Joys! GOD-pleaſing Lays:
How ſhall I call my Thoughts from you?
Or buſy them in Things below?

13. Farther my Muſe (who JESUS fill'd)
Suffer to ſoar thy favour'd Child:
Farther permit my Soul to riſe,
More let me ſee of Paradiſe.

14. Who ſits on yonder higheſt Throne?
Before whom all the Hoſts bow down!
Him wou'd I ſee, to *Moſes* ſhow'd:
The Backparts of JEHOVAH GOD!

15. If hinders me this Houſe of Clay,
O let it ceaſe, and die away:
Unchain me, and I'll higher ſoar!
Nor wiſh to dwell with Mortals more.

16. Here

16. Here I wou'd ſtay, but nigher yet,
To my Redeeming MASTER's Feet:
'Till I my SAVIOUR can embrace,
And ſee his FATHER Face to Face.

17. O that my Priſon I might break!
And all created Things forſake:
Eternal Things e'en theſe I ſee!
Alone are Good, and ſuit with me.

18. Farewel O Earth! I'm got above
Thy Wrongs, thy Hatred, or thy Love:
Adieu ye Joys of human kind,
Alone true Sweetneſs here I find.

19. True Conſolation as a Flood,
Here only flow's—preſerv'd in GOD:
O happy me! that I may taſte
Such Bliſs, or ſhare ſo true a Reſt.

20. O LORD 'tis thro' thy Grace alone,
That I approach ſo near thy Throne:
I bleſs the Riches of the ſame,
And bow in Praiſe to JESU's Name.

21. Angels, and Saints in Songs confeſs,
Thee Author of their Happineſs:
And every Hoſt; while ſilent I,
Unqualify'd to ſing ſtand by.

22. O touch me with the ſame bleſt Fire,
Which now their ſacred Lips inſpire:
And I like them will join, and loud!
To Sing thy Mercies O my GOD.

23. But O while in the Fleſh I ſtrive
M' indwelling Foes me from Thee drive:
And when I upward mount in Praiſe,
Theſe pull me back, and bar my Ways,
[Sight,

24. Scarce am I bleſt with Heav'n in
But theſe me blind in thickeſt Night:
Theſe tire me LORD, O bring the Day!
That Chaſes all their Clouds away!

25. Let Death unlock my Chamber Door,
And I releas'd afar will ſoar:
Will track the Saints; nor reſt 'till I
Shall hear, and join their Harmony!

HYMN LXXV.

Sincere Praiſe.

ARISE O my Soul!
Thy SAVIOUR adore:
Thy Sins are as Wool,
Remember'd no more:
Thro' JESU's Blood-ſhedding
In GOD Thou may'ſt ſhare;
And at the LAMB's Wedding,
In Glory appear!

2. Awake

2. Awake all my Pow'rs!
To ſet up the LORD:
My Sickneſs He cures,
And I am reſtor'd;
Am lov'd and eſteemed,
By JESUS and own'd:
Am in Him redeemed,
And quick'ned, and found.

3. Bleſt SAVIOUR of Men!
Bleſt SAVIOUR of me!
Eternally reign!
In all Majeſty:
All Glory be given
To Thee Evermore!
By Earth, and by Heaven,
And every Pow'r!

HYMN LXXVI.

The Aſſurance of Faith.

TO JESUS! to my SAVIOUR's Name,
I'll humbly ſing, I'll Homage pay:
His Love ſhall be my conſtant Theme!
For He hath waſh'd my Sin away!

2. I know I ſoon ſhall praiſe above!
Among the Hoſts of Saints in Light:
With them I ſhall Perfection prove,
Dreſs'd in a Veſtment pure, and white.

3. Below

3. Below I mixt my Praiſe with Sin,
Sin creeps between my LORD, and me:
But when my Eyes my Heav'n have ſeen,
I ſhall from ev'ry Sin be free!

4. Altho' whate'er I ſay or do,
Is mingled with Impurity,
My GOD delights on me to ſhew
His Loving-kindneſs plenteouſly!

5. Smiling my Sacrifice he views,
In JESUS his beloved Son:
Nor will my weakeſt Gifts refuſe,
But owns them, when imperfect done.

6. Tho' I am vile, yet there is giv'n
To me the living Pow'r of Faith;
A Place of endleſs Reſt in Heav'n!
And Vict'ry over Hell and Death.

HYMN LXXVII.

PRAISE.

PRaiſe GOD, my Soul, who ſtill abides
Thy SAVIOUR, and thy Folly hides:
To Him thy grateful Bleſſings ſend!
On whom thy Life, thy Hopes depend.

2. Let GOD in Majeſty and Pow'r!
Reign worthily for Evermore!
To Him be Honour, Bliſs, Renown,
Who glorious ſitteth on the Throne!

3. My

[Days]

3 My Tongue (while yet ſhall laſt my
Shall be employ'd in Hymns of Praiſe:
For I have more than others known,
The Mercies by my SAVIOUR ſhewn.

4. I live, that more mine Eyes may ſee!
The Kindneſs that He bears to me:
The Love wherewith he hides my Shame,
Conſtrains me to adore his Name!

5. Nor Hell, nor Men, nor Pow'rs beſide,
Who long in vain have ſtrongly try'd,
Shall me prevent from bleſſing Him
Who dy'd that He might me redeem!

6. No, my dear JESUS! ne'er my Song
Shall ceaſe, while I have got a Tongue:
And when the outward Man decays,
My Soul ſhall ſing Eternal Praiſe!

HYMN LXXVIII.

Admiring Free Love.

WHY am I of GOD belov'd?
Why am I in JESUS choſe?
Why redeemed in his Blood?
Why thus ſav'd from endleſs Woes.

2. JESUS, MASTER! Why am I
Spar'd, and call'd to bear thy Croſs?
Why reſerv'd when others die?
LORD, thy Mercy is the Cauſe!

Grace diſtinguiſhing, and free,
Took me from my Mother's Womb:
Sought, and kindly found out me,
Made me into JESUS come.

4. I as much as others ſinn'd,
I as much as others ſtray'd:
Follow'd Vanity and Wind,
Still thy Calling diſobey'd.

5. Here thy Love unparallel'd!
Manifeſtly is declar'd:
Herein Mercy is reveal'd,
Herein hath thy Grace appear'd.

6. O my LORD, accept my Praiſe,
Bleſſings worthily receive:
Wiſe and Holy are thy Ways.
Honour'd Everlaſting live!

HYMN LXXIX.

To the Glory of the Grace of GOD.

HEAR me, my FATHER! and my Tongue
Shall be employ'd in Praiſe
Incline thine Ear, and all my Song
Shall magnify thy Grace: Againſt

Againſt its Pow'r I long rebell'd,
And fooliſhly I ſtrove:
But now (by Thee to yield compell'd)
I praiſe Electing-Love!

2. I choſe not Thee, for in my Blood,
Since *Adam*'s Fall I lay:
I knew not I had need of GOD,
Nor how I went aſtray:
My Nature from my Mother's Womb,
Was bent from Thee to rove:
Lo! now 'tis chang'd, and is thy Home,
Bleſs'd be Electing-Love!

3. Sin daily did I once purſue,
Thou call'd'ſt me oft in vain:
Thy Voice I wou'd not, cou'd not know,
'Till Thou didſt me conſtrain!
Thine Eye beheld me in my Shame,
And pitied from above:
I cannot but adore thy Name!
And bleſs Electing-Love!

4. From all Eternity thy Will
Was fix'd, and thy Decree,
To pluck me as a Brand from Hell,
And ſave and ranſome me:
Thy Purpoſe was in Time fulfill'd,
No Pow'r the ſame can move!
I (while to me it is reveal'd)
Will praiſe Electing-Love!

5. Long did I put my Truſt in Man!
For Heav'n I work'd, and cry'd:
Not knowing He on *Calv'ry* ſlain!
Th' Ungodly juſtify'd!
'Till He in tender Pity ſhow'd,
That I in Error ſtrove:
All my Salvation is in GOD!
And thro' Electing-Love!

6. To thy Decrees I cou'd not bow,
Thee juſt I cou'd not call;
If Thou on ſome ſhould'ſt Mercy ſhew,
And not thus deal with all.
But now againſt thy wiſe Decrees,
My Tongue I dare not move!
Thy Free, thy Sov'reign Grace, I praiſe,
And thine Electing-Love!

HYMN LXXX.

Unmerited LOVE.

I Think when e'er I Sinners ſee
(Who ſlight the SAVIOUR's Blood)
Why, was the LORD ſo kind to me?
Why to my Soul ſo good?

2. The Anſwer of my LORD is Love;
Love is the only Cauſe:
Love makes the SAVIOUR's Bowels move!
And Love the Sinner draws.

3. Nothing

3. Nothing of me, but CHRIST alone!
(When I was dead and loſt)
Rais'd me; and in my Soul made known
His promis'd HOLY GHOST.

4. How ſhall I equal Worſhip pay?
Or rightly praiſe his Love?
I cannot while below I ſtay,
But will, when found above.

5. There in an Everlaſting Song!
Will I my JESUS bleſs:
And join in Heav'n's Harmonious Throng,
To ſing his Righteouſneſs.

HYMN LXXXI.

CHRIST our Covenant.

KING of the Hoſts above!
Author, and Source of Love:
Gracious hear my humble Pray'r,
See how ſad my Life I ſpend,
If thy Mercy be not near,
LORD, I have no other Friend.

2. Look down, my LORD, look down!
Nor leave me ſtill alone:
Let not my Iniquities
Stay the Current of thy Love:
Let the SAVIOUR's Groans, and Cries,
Thy Compaſſion, FATHER, move.

3. I own that I have ſinn'd;
Yet ſee the Sinner's Friend!
Bled He not for me, and dy'd?
Did not He for me atone?
O behold the crucify'd!
FATHER! FATHER! See thy SON!

4. In Him my Debt is paid,
On Him my Sins are laid:
Canſt Thou yet thine own demand?
Canſt Thou challenge ſtill the Debt?
My Receipt's in JESU's Hand!
Wrote with Blood upon his Feet!

5. O lay thine Anger by!
Thy SON ſhall tell Thee why:
Think upon my Sin no more!
Make not grievous ſtill the Wound:
CHRIST acquits my length'ned Score,
CHRIST my Advocate is found.

6. See, JESUS! MASTER, ſee,
And anſwer Thou for me:
If for me Thou bow'd'ſt thine Head,
Let the Witneſs (Peace) be giv'n:
If thy Blood for me was ſhed,
Keep not back a Taſte of Heav'n!

7. Fulfil my ſingle Pray'r,
In me thy Record bear;
Witneſs now that I am thine;
Call me, *Thou art now my Son*:
Let me call thy FATHER mine,
Manifeſt, and make Him known.

8. This dear REDEEMER grant,
'Tis all! 'tis all I want:
Shew Thou my Election ſure:
So my Tongue ſhall ſing of Thee,
While my Days below endure!
And in wide Eternity!

HYMN LXXXII.

Final Perſeverance.

AWAY my Fears, I will not doubt,
I will not queſtion JESU's Love:
He cannot caſt his People out,
Nor will his Kindneſs e'er remove:
He lov'd me once, was once my Friend!
And he ſhall love me to the End!

2. Immutable is his Decree!
He ſaith—and firm the Saying ſtands:
Among his own he called me,
No one can pluck me from his Hands!
Nor Life, nor Death, nor Fire, nor Sword,
Can part the Choſen from the LORD!

3. Why then do Fears me ſtill moleſt?
Why am I thus from Comfort driv'n?
Late lean'd I on my SAVIOUR's Breaſt,
And knew my many Sins forgiv'n;
Knew for my Soul the SAVIOUR dy'd,
And thro' his Blood was juſtify'd.

4. What have I ſaid, or done, or thought?
Or wherein wilfully tranſgreſs'd?
As tho' IMMANUEL knew me not,
His Favours and his Light ſeems ceas'd:
Tempted He never will return,
I wander deſolate, and mourn.

5. But can He finally forſake,
The Travail of his gracious Soul?
Can He permit me to go back?
And now no more be merciful?
Can He refuſe me JESU's Blood?
Yet is his Way, his Counſel Good.

6. And muſt I bid Farewel to Peace?
I, whom the LORD ſo careful ſought?
To whom he promis'd future Bliſs?
And with his Life my pardon bought!
It cannot be—He ſure will ſave
The Child for whom his Soul He gave!

7. Can I, for whom the SAVIOUR pray'd,
And wept, and faſted forty Days:
Can I, for whom He bow'd his Head!
And freely turn'd my Will, my Ways;
Can I be loſt? Condemn'd again!
Then is the SAVIOUR's Labour vain,

8. In vain He ſhed his Blood, and Tears,
In vain his Cries, and Groans muſt be;
And all the three and thirty Years!
In which he travell'd ſeeking me:
And all his Sufferings vain will prove,
Nor is it Everlaſting-Love!

9. I

9. I cannot think that even Men,
Wou'd travel far, and Work, and toil,
Only to make a Veſſel clean;
And then the Veſſel break, and ſpoil!
Much leſs ſhall JESUS caſt aſide,
The Soul whom He hath juſtify'd!

10. He hath not ſo much Sorrow born,
To ſave his Flock from Unbelief,
He did not bear ſuch Shame, and Scorn,
Nor ſtoop to be a *Man of Grief*,
That all his Sheep his Love might taſte,
To caſt away their Souls at laſt!

11. An Enemy hath utter'd this;
JEHOVAH's Love is ſtill the ſame:
Eternal is his Righteouſneſs!
Nor change the Virtues of his Name!
Whom once He lov'd He always will!
A SAVIOUR once, a SAVIOUR ſtill!

12. My GOD, if I thy Voice have heard,
If Thou haſt ever call'd me, *Child*;
Or own'd me, or in Mercy ſpar'd,
And lov'd when with my Blood defil'd,
Thy Wrath, Thou canſt not on me ſhew;
Or ſay *thy Soul I never knew*!

13. I long lay Dead, nor cou'd believe,
Nor hear the call, nor Thee obey:
'Till Thou didſt give me to receive,
The Life Thou wilt not take away!
Then did I hear the Voice from Heav'n,
Ariſe, thy Sins are all forgiv'n!

14. Spirit

14. Spirit of GOD attend! attend,
When Thou art veil'd behold! I fear:
Be with me always to the End,
And all my Woe ſhall diſappear!
And while I all thy Mercy prove
I'll praiſe thy Everlaſting Love!

HYMN LXXXIII.

Free Grace.

INſpire me SAVIOUR, and I'll Sing
The Myſtery of Electing-Love:
I'll ſing the Grace of Iſrael's King,
Who ſtoop'd, and left his Throne above!
To call his Sheep from endleſs Shame;
To Glory thro' his only Name.

2. In *Adam* wander'd all from GOD,
And juſtly were to Hell condemn'd:
When JESUS ſhed his guiltleſs Blood!
And thus were many loſt redeem'd;
He pray'd the FATHER, and was heard:
The FATHER ev'ry Mortal ſpar'd.

3. Yet are the Judgments of the LORD
Reſtrain'd but for a little Space:
Unſheath'd is ſtill the wrathful Sword!
'Till thro' Redeeming, ſpecial Grace,
Thoſe who believe are gather'd Home;
Then Vengeance on the World ſhall come.

4. With

4. With theſe his Soul is ſatisfy'd,
Eſpecially He dy'd for Theſe:
And in their Day his Blood apply'd,
Them pard'ning to his Mercy's Praiſe.
Theſe are the SAVIOUR's, theſe alone;
My Soul adore Him! thou art one.

5. Yet dare not think thou choſen art!
Becauſe of any Good in Thee:
Not for thy Merits, or Deſert!
But for his Name's ſake, purely free!
Which JESUS to the Sinner gives;
Thro' which his Soul to Life believes.

6. So is fulfill'd that written Word,
I'm found of them who ſought me not:
Theſe were Elected in the LORD
E'er Time was into being brought:
Theſe ſinn'd with others; when, our GOD
Redeem'd them in *Meſiah*'s Blood!

7. What then! ſhall Duſt rebellious ſtrive
With GOD? or Clay it's Potter blame?
If all ſhou'd endleſs Wrath receive,
Who may againſt the LORD exclaim!
He worketh all Things as He will,
And all his Counſel ſhall fulfil.

8. Guilty of Hell are all Mankind;
If therefore to declare his Love,
Some few ſhou'd rich Redemption find,
While others all his Juſtice prove!
Who dare reſiſt? or who gainſays?
The LORD is righteous in his Ways!

9. Learn

9. Learn then my Soul with holy Fear!
Amaz'd to fall at JESU's Feet;
With trembling to his Throne draw near,
And ſilent to his Will ſubmit!
Admire, while Thee He own's, and Praiſe!
And bleſs the Glory of his Grace!

HYMN LXXXIV.

Juſtification by CHRIST *only.*

BLeſs'd be the GOD of *Iſrael*'s Race!
Who teaches me by Faith alone,
The Saints regain the bliſsful Place,
Where JESUS ſitteth on the Throne.

2. 'Tis not in our own Works, or Ways,
That Heav'n is found; leſt any boaſt:
He only will have all the Praiſe!
Who only ſeeks and ſave's the Loſt,

3. Wrought in us by the FATHER's Grace,
Is Pow'r to look to JESU's Croſs:
There ſee we all the Springs of Peace!
And know He lov'd, and dy'd for us.

4. No one eſcap'd the general Curſe,
Which by Apoſtate *Adam* came:
Condemn'd was all the Univerſe!
And pow'rleſs left to Hell, and Shame.

5. JESUS

5. JESUS the Wrath of Heav'n appeas'd!
Alone the Wine-Preſs JESUS trod:
No Mortal help'd, no Angel eas'd,
The burd'ned LORD! the travailing [GOD!

6. His own Right-Hand, his holy Arm,
Redeem'd the Children yet unborn:
And ſeal'd the Covenant ſure and firm,
Cauſing the Baniſh'd to return.

7. While our own Works before us ſtand,
Or while to what we do, we look;
We ſet up Idols, build on Sand
And ſtumble o'er, and leave the Rock.

8. Salvation, and Eternal Good!
Are only in the Bleeding LAMB:
Redemption's treaſur'd in his Blood!
And ſprings from his exalted Name.

9. He is the Author, He begins
The Faith which once the Prophets knew:
He ſave's His People from their Sins!
Without Him nothing can they do.

10. He carries on, and ends the Faith,
In ev'ry Child, in ſweeteſt Bliſs:
His Love ſhall bear them on thro' Death!
And land in ceaſeleſs Happineſs.

11. O may I find with theſe my Part?
In Regions of Delight above:
And here have JESUS in my Heart!
And walk like them in perfect Love!

HYMN LXXXV.

To JESUS CHRIST.

HEAR me SON of my Creator!
Who me ſpar'd,
When I err'd;
Hear, my Mediator.

2. Thou me call'dſt from Wrath for ever!
Lov'd me when
Stain'd with Sin;
And did'ſt me deliver.

3. When thy FATHER's Indignation
Was my due,
Then ſaid'ſt Thou,
I am thy Salvation.

4. Therefore holpen by thy Spirit,
Thee always
Will I praiſe:
'Till I Heav'n inherit.

5. O my LORD! be ever near me,
For thy Reſt,
For thy Feaſt,
More, and more prepare me!

6. Still

6. Still aſſure me of my calling,
Kept by Thee
Let me be,
Sav'd from final Falling.

7. Keep my Place with Saints departed,
So ſhall I,
When I die,
Thither be tranſlated.

8. There my Sorrows ſhall be ended,
By me then,
Waſh'd and clean,
Thou ſhalt be attended.

9. O make haſte, my LORD, my MAKER!
Seal my Peace;
In thy Bliſs
Make me ſoon Partaker!

10. Give me of the Living-River!
Let me prove
Endleſs Love,
On thy Throne for ever!

HYMN LXXXVI.

Second Hymn to CHRIST.

BEhold, my Soul, and bleſs the Hand!
That made, and ſtill thee careful leads:
That points to ſhew thee *Canaan*'s Land,
That ſtrengthens thee, and ſtays, and feeds;

Adore the Grace, and bleſs the Name
Of Him who covers all thy Shame.

2. Thro' many Troubles, many Fears,
Thy LORD hath brought thee, O my Soul!
In his dear Boſom thee he bears,
And with his Mercy thou art full:
Be grateful then, and praiſe the Grace
Of Him who gave thee Love and Peace.

3. I loath myſelf when I offend
So kind a JESUS, and ſo good:
My only, and my changleſs Friend,
My Life, my Riches, and my Food,
O my IMMANUEL! give me Pow'r,
And keep me that I ſin no more!

4. As Thou didſt die for me alone,
No other ſhall the Praiſe receive:
The Work Thou by thyſelf haſt done,
To Thee the Honour will I give!
To Thee I Evermore will ſing!
My deareſt Prophet, Prieſt, and King!

HYMN LXXXVII.

Third Hymn to CHRIST.

TO Him who once was crucify'd,
To Him who late on *Calv'ry* dy'd!
Be Glory as in Ancient Days!
And endleſs Thanks, and endleſs Praiſe!

2. Thy Righteouſneſs is mine, O LAMB!
I bear thy ſecret, unknown Name:

Am

Am born of Thee, and reconcil'd
To GOD, who calls me now, *My Child.*

3. I love the Whiſpers of his Grace,
O may He ever me embrace!
And ev'ry Day in Stillneſs ſay,
I love thee, and will be thy Way.

4. Into thy Hands I me commend!
My GOD, whoſe Love ſhall never end:
On Thee my ſteady Soul ſhall reſt,
And daily lean upon thy Breaſt.

5. To Thee I (SAVIOUR) will ſubmit,
And fall as Clay before thy Feet:
While Thou ſhalt teach me how to bleſs
Thee, LORD, my Joy, and Righteouſneſs!

HYMN LXXXVIII.

Fourth Hymn to CHRIST.

MY Song ſhall be of Thee!
Thou High and Holy One:
Thou haſt, and wilt my SAVIOUR be,
My Glory, and my Crown!

2. Others may join to praiſe
The Gods of Gold and Wood:
But JESU's Fame my Heart ſhall raiſe!
And his Redeeming Blood.

3. Where'er I go or am,
His Praiſe my Mouth ſhall fill:
I'll ſing my Dear DELIV'RER's Name!
And teſtify his Will.

4. He lov'd me when with Sin
My Soul was cover'd o'er:
And waſh'd, and purg'd, and made me clean,
And bid me *Sin no more!*

5. O that the Sons of Men!
Wou'd to my SAVIOUR come:
That they wou'd alſo make them clean,
For in his Blood there's Room.

6. My Fellow-Rebels hear!
Hear ev'ry ſinful Soul:
Believe, and he ſhall ceaſe your Fear,
And make your Sins like Wool.

7. His Blood for you was ſhed,
For me, I know it flow'd:
And I thereby to Sin am dead,
But am alive to GOD.

HYMN LXXXIX.

Fifth Hymn to CHRIST.

REdeeming CHRIST, who caus'd by Love,
To ſave the Sheep thy Life laid down:
And long went out, and ſought, and ſtrove,
In all the World to find thine own:

Vouchſafe

Vouchsafe to rescue me from Hell,
And with thy Chosen let me dwell.

2. O see my helpless State and Fall!
And quicken and restore thy Child:
Give me to hear my Shepherd call,
And with thy Grace let me be fill'd,
My Soul among thy People Feed,
And for me always interceed!

3. Pray for me when I careless err,
And lest thy Justice me consume,
O'er me have a peculiar Care;
And hasten to receive me home:
For thy Name's sake forget not me!
But love me 'till thy Face I see.

4. Keep as the Apple of an Eye
From Danger, and from ev'ry Ill,
My Friendless Soul continually;
And let it be thy righteous Will,
To bless and own unworthy me!
When Days, and Ages cease to be.

HYMN XC.

To the HOLY GHOST.

AWAKE, and blow Thou purest Wind!
Awake and blow on me:
Let me thy quick'ning Influence find,
And be baptiz'd in Thee.

2. Unveil thy Pow'r, thy Grace unveil,
And all thy Virtues ſhew:
With Living-ſtreams my Spirit fill,
In me let Rivers flow.

3. I wait thy Light; O let it be!
A Lanthorn to my Feet:
And lead me home to reign with Thee,
On Heav'n's Eternal Seat.

HYMN XCI.

Meditation on the LORD's Agony.

COME to *Gethſemane* my Soul!
The bitter Cup here JESUS found:
Was very ſad, and ſorrowful! [round.
While Pow'rs of Darkneſs hedg'd Him

2. Here knelt the LAMB with Terror bow'd
(Hell with her Hoſt againſt him ſtrove)
Thrice He beſought his FATHER loud!
The Cup if poſſible remove!

3. Th' amazing Scene draw nigh, and view,
Behold my Soul thy weeping LORD:
Attend and ſee thy MASTER's Woe,
How on the Ground his Tears are pour'd!

4. Wet

4. Wet are his Garments with the Flood,
That iſſues from his guiltleſs Eyes:
While in a ſweat, like Drops of Blood!
He utters (pleading) Groans, and Cries!

5. No one relieves his burden'd Mind:
Or helps his Soul by bearing part:
Conſtrain'd He call's, and yet reſign'd,
Content to ſuffer my Deſert.

6. With Pain endur'd by none beſide,
His trvailing Soul is ſore oppreſs'd:
Is heavy, grieved, and terrify'd,
Afflicted, bruis'd, and unredreſs'd.

7. Thus in an Agony and long,
My weary MASTER tortur'd pray's.
'Till *Judas* brings the hoſtile Throng!
To whom the SAVIOUR he betray's.

8. Thus into Sinners hands is giv'n
For me, for poor unworthy me!
[Heav'n!
The PRINCE of Life; The LORD of
The GOD who rules Eternity!

9. O JESUS! this thy wondrous Love,
Call's for more Praiſe than I can give:
Help me to bleſs (ye Pow'rs above)
The LAMB, who dy'd that I might live!

HYMN

HYMN XCII.

Beholding CHRIST *Crucified.*

LOOK up my Soul; on yonder Tree,
Thy SAVIOUR bleeding dies:
Look up with Joy! he bleed's for Thee,
And thus thy Pardon buys.

2. The Law whoſe Precepts none can keep,
He perfectly obey'd:
And ſatisfy'd for all his Sheep,
And all their Debts He paid.

3. *Moſes*, the Scribes, and Phariſees,
Muſt with their Bonds away:
Nothing but Everlaſting Praiſe!
The Faithful have to pay.

4. The SAVIOUR by his ſtreaming Blood,
Hath one Attonement made:
Hath pacify'd an Angry GOD!
And all his Wrath allay'd.

5. The Poor, the Loſt, the Vile, the Blind,
May come and Heav'n receive:
May thro' the Croſs Salvation find,
Bound only to believe.

6. Nor

6. Nor will the Souls who Faith have found
To err again deſire:
Or Sin that Grace may more abound,
But Heav'nward ſtill aſpire.

7. Charm'd with a Sight of Bliſs before!
Which ſoon ſhall them be giv'n:
They travel on, 'till Chriſt the Door
Shall let them into Heav'n.

8. In CHRIST the new, and Living Way,
Shall they regain their Home:
And enter ſafe Eternal Day!
Riſe up my Soul and come.

HYMN XCIII.

Another on Cant. ii. 3.

TO what, (my LORD) ſhall I compare?
Or liken Thee to Excellent!
So Good, ſo Virtuous, and ſo Dear,
To all who wail their Baniſhment.

2. Lo! I compare Thee to a Tree
Grown in a Deſert, parch'd with Heat:
And ſtor'd with Boughs abundantly!
Good for the Trav'lers cool Rretreat.

3. As

3. As more than others Apple Trees,
Shadow, and Fruit at once afford:
Dispenſing Food, and ſweeteſt Eaſe,
So among others is my LORD.

4. When Crucify'd on high He hangs,
With outſtretch'd Arms, as fruitful [Boughs:
He bears the weary Sinners Pangs;
And Fruit, and Shade on them beſtows.

5. Beneath this Tree the Antients ſat,
While down a ſev'nfold Torrent flow'd:
Here covert from thy Wrath they gat,
And were refreſh'd with heav'nly Food.

[ſought
6. This Shade (unknown) I long have
Dry'd up with thirſting after Thee:
O let me Maſter now be brought!
And reſt, and feaſt beneath the Tree.

HYMN XCIV.

Behold the LAMB.

JESUS is come! O joyful News!
To Day Salvation ſounds:
With us to-day our SAVIOUR ſhews
His Meritorious Wounds.

2. Theſe

2. Theſe are the Clefts, and this the Rock,
In which the Church ſhall hide:
O Sinners to this JESUS look!
Behold! Behold his Side.

3. The Soldiers Spear th' Aſſilium made,
Hither ye Guilty fly:
Here whoſo comes ſhall ſee their Head
In glorious Pow'r paſs by!

4. O come, and roll you in the Streams,
Which from his Bruiſes flow:
This Blood, and Water-brook redeems,
Whoever to it go.

5. Come guilty Brethren! now begin
To view our bleeding LORD:
Becauſe your Feet were ſwift to ſin,
His Feet with Nails are bor'd:

6. To purify your Eyes he wept;
And bore the *Roman* Scourge,
To heal your Sores; to pay your Debt,
And your Uncleanneſs purge.

7. So in the Palms of both his Hands,
Two other Wounds appear:
Theſe he receiv'd among his Friends;
Pretended Friends they were.

8. O Sinners! such are you and I,
CHRIST's Hands had never bled,
Had ours ne'er known Iniquity:
Or done no Evil Deed.

9. Our Pride in curl'd and broider'd Hair,
Th' Attire we have worn;
Made Him the Crown of Briers wear,
And sharp'ned ev'ry Thorn.

10. Yet nigh approach, ye guilty Race,
And view his Side again:
'Twas cleft for you! O wond'rous Grace!
For you this LAMB was slain!

11. To cleanse your heart this Fountain flow'd,
Suyplying ev'ry Want:
Water, for such as thirst; and Blood
(As Wine) for such as faint.

12. Bring your Diseases, Ho! ye poor,
Bring Doubts and Fears, and Sin:
As Beggars, wait about the Door,
The LAMB will let you in.

13. I know He will—for I have found
Redemption, tho' so vile!
I now am in his open Wounds!
My Conq'ring SAVIOUR's Spoil.

HYMN XCV.

CHRIST *deſcribed.*

BEhold who come's in Scarlet Dreſs!
As one who has the Wine-Preſs trod:
O 'tis my Friend! my Righteouſneſs!
My Spouſe, my Beſt-Belov'd, my GOD.

2. His Perſon is exceeding Fair!
The Lilly is not half ſo white:
He's lovely, O He's paſt compare!
For Grace, for Love, for pure Delight.

3. Rudy, and White is Him I bleſs,
Red in the Blood He ſhed for me:
White in the ſpotleſs Righteouſneſs,
He finiſh'd for me on the Tree.

4. The Lilly, and the Roſe in Him,
At once myſteriouſly appear;
So ſpeak Him mighty to redeem!
To make Him altogether dear!

5. Wou'd any know Him? this is He!
Do any want his cleanſing Blood?
Behold! He come's, my Lover ſee!
This is my Friend, my Bridegroom, GOD.

HYMN XCVI.

Come and See.

TO Sing my SAVIOUR's Sov'reign Love,
Will I prepare my Tongue:
'Till hence I to my Heav'n remove,
Love ſhall be all my Song.

2. Nothing in my REDEEMER reign's,
But Peace, and Love alone:
Pardon unfought-for, from his Veins,
To me in Blood came down.

3. O let the Giddy World attend!
While I conſtrain'd ſhall tell,
What Good is in the Sinners Friend:
What Mercies in Him dwell.

4. Come near ye fooliſh People, come,
Ye who have GOD forgot:
His Kingdom yet ſhall give you Room,
Nor ſhall you ſeek for nought.

5. I ſought for Righteouſneſs in vain,
And all my Strength I gave:
Many Phyſicians ſhew'd my Pain,
But none alas! cou'd ſave.

6. My Living was in ſeeking ſpent,
'Till *Moſes* Law me ſhew'd
My Sin; yet gave me no Content,
But left me bound to GOD.

7. I

7. I ſtrove my Chains, my Bonds to break,
But O! in vain I ſtrove:
The Yoke was yet upon my Neck.
Nor I the Yoke cou'd move.

8. A Priſoner, ſelf condemn'd, abhor'd,
Before the Judge I ſtood:
And thought (while waiting for the Sword)
Look to IMMANUEL'S *Blood.*

9. Often before I heard it's Fame,
Oft heard my Fellows tell,
What Virtues were in JESU'S Name;
While I was Ignorant ſtill.

10. But now I look'd, preſs'd down with [Shame,
Saw how the SAVIOUR bled:
In Faith I touch'd his Garments Hem,
And I from Sin was freed.

11. Then ſtanch'd the Iſſue of my Sin,
Immediately I knew,
The LORD beheld me juſt, and clean,
And own'd, and lov'd me too,

12. Hear O ye Halt! and Blind! and Lame!
To this Phyſician ſeek:
Draw near, believing in his Name,
Ye Loſt, and Poor, and Weak.

13. All! All Salvation here may find,
Who ſee, and feel their fall:
Who ſeek his Face (their will reſign'd)
Shall know Him rich to All!

14. Ye ſhall not Empty from Him go,
O that ye Him wou'd prove!
Such Sweetneſs ſhou'd you alſo know,
As ſpeak's the Giver Love.

15. Let all who favour'd are like me,
Like me their Bliſs declare:
That Sinners may our Mercy ſee,
And in our Mercy ſhare.

16. In all the Changes, Chances too,
Thro' which I here ſhall paſs:
My JESU's Goodneſs will I ſhew!
And Sing my JESU's Grace.

HYMN XCVII.

Unto them who ſat in Darkneſs Light is ſprung up.

WHERE has my wand'ring Spirit been?
Excluded from the Light of Day:
Long have I nought but Darkneſs ſeen!
And walk'd a black, a gloomy Way:
But now the glorious Light appears!
The Riſing *Sun* my Spirit chears.

2. What

2. What heavy Burdens have I borne!
What Griefs and Sorrows have I felt!
How long have I been left forlorn?
Forſook by All but Fear, and Guilt!
Bleſs'd be the Day-Star! as He roſe,
The Morning Eyelids did uncloſe.

3. I ſaid, The Light will ſhine no more!
In Darkneſs I ſhall always dwell;
My Storms, my Clouds will ne'er be o'er,
'Till I ſhall make my Home in Hell:
But ſee what Wonders GOD can do!
His Hand hath brought me ſafely through.

4. Dangers and Dread beſet me round,
Hell and myſelf againſt me ſtrove:
I cry'd for Help, but none was found!
No Peace I knew, nor Eaſe, nor Love;
I cry'd again to JESU's Name!
He heard, and to relieve me came.

5. Then ceas'd my Torment, then my Dread,
My Sadneſs found a Time an End:
Satan no farther cou'd proceed!
For I had CHRIST the *Sinner's Friend*:
Sorrows and Doubts, and Woes remov'd!
When me my JESUS call'd, *Belov'd*.

6. O my dear MASTER, love me ſtill!
And daily my Companion be:
'Till I am meet to come, and dwell
For ever with thy Saints and Thee.

Nor tarry long, but ſoon appear!
To carry me to banquet there.

HYMN XCVIII.

When refreſh'd under the Goſpel.

MY Soul hath heard the heav'nly Sound,
Of the Eternal Word!
And I a Sinner! now have found
Salvation in the LORD!

2. The Record which the Prophets bore,
Concerning CHRIST, is true:
For I'm permitted, though ſo poor!
His Soy'reign Love to know.

3. With Joy his Spirit makes me full,
His Peace my Breaſt o'erflows:
Righteouſneſs covers now my Soul!
And ſilences my Woes.

4. O let my Brethren hear me ſay!
What GOD for me has done:
How I have found the Milky Way,
To mine Eternal Throne!

5. The LORD hath look'd on me for good!
GOD hath remember'd me:
Me He has ranſom'd in his Blood,
From all my Slavery.

6. The

6. The Higheſt me has comforted!
Has greatly me refreſh'd:
With hidden Manna ſweetly fed!
And me from Folly waſh'd.

7. O my kind Shepherd! Spring of Love,
Thou Author of my Bliſs:
Out of my Heart no more remove,
The *Covenant of Peace.*

8. Like *Sion*'s Mountain let it ſtand!
Unſhaken, as thy Seat:
'Till I am bleſs'd at thy Right Hand!
Or low beneath thy Feet.

HYMN XCIX.

Ungratitude conſidered.

AH, my dear MASTER! when I mind,
How toward Thee I have behav'd:
How prone to ſin, and how unkind,
When by Thee only I am ſav'd;
I wonder how Thou lov'ſt to dwell
With one ſo near of kin to Hell.

2. I feel the carnal Enmity,
The Pride of the old *Adam* riſe:
Evil Deſires ſteals from me,
My Heart, my Hands, my Ears, my Eyes,

All

All cauſe my fooliſh Soul to ſtray!
And make me ſtumble in my Way.

3. Aſham'd I come before thy Face:
Knowing my own Unworthineſs:
How undeſerving of thy Grace!
How prone againſt Thee to tranſgreſs;
I know not what to ſay; for I
Have us'd Thee LORD ungratefully.

4. I am amaz'd! I bluſh to ſee,
Thy Love to ſuch a Sinner ſhewn:
Why lov'ſt Thou ſuch a Wretch as me?
How can'ſt Thou ſuch a Rebel own?
Confounded at thy Feet I fall!
My gracious GOD, my Hope, my All.

HYMN C.

Loſing CHRIST'S *Preſence.*

WHEN *Magdalen* her LORD had loſt,
Nigh his Sepulchre ſad ſhe ſtood:
And wept, (try'd to the uttermoſt)
And wail'd aloud her abſent GOD.

2. But ſtill her Grief tho' very ſore,
Was never parallel to mine:
A loſs like mine ſhe never bore,
Alas my LORD! alas my Sin!

3. She

3. She only found his Body mov'd,
But O! from me his Spirit's gone!
Where ſhall I fly? O my Belov'd!
My LAMB, my SAVIOUR is unknown.

4. My Heart, where late He made his Home
I ſearch; but cannot ſee Him there:
'Tis deſolate, as was his Tomb,
Forſaken! fitted for Deſpair!

5. Ah, how ſhall I my Loſs ſuſtain?
My Sins! my Sins have borne Him hence:
O my Intolerable Pain!
O my unſpeakable Offence!

6. Say (Thou *who hid'ſt thy ſelf*) if Thou,
In anywiſe canſt Pardon grant?
Come back again! thy Mercy ſhew!
Regard! regard my ſad Complaint.

7. If former Friendſhip, former Love,
Be yet remember'd, hear my Pray'rs:
The Burden of my Soul remove,
Let thy ſoft Hand wipe off my Tears.

HYMN CI.

In Darkneſs after the KNOWLEDGE *of* CHRIST.

WHY Doubts my Soul? why ſhou'd I fear?
Why are my Comforts mov'd?
What tho' my JESUS ſhines not Clear,
I ſurely ſtill am lov'd.

2. Once in his Blood I ſaw my Part,
And knew for me He dy'd:
I felt his Spirit in my Heart,
And I was Juſtify'd.

3. I may not think He e'er can hate,
The Purchaſe of his Blood:
Try me He will; and I muſt wait,
'Till meet to dwell with GOD.

4. When I am try'd, and ripe, my LORD
Shall take me to his Throne:
With Gladneſs I ſhall be reſtor'd,
And wear th' immortal Crown!

5. GOD lov'd me from Eternity!
And ever, ever ſhall:
My Portion will He alway be,
My Glory, and my All.

HYMN

HYMN CII.

ANOTHER.

JESUS, My LORD, who dy'd for me,
My preſent Tribulation ſee:
See how I wail thy tedious ſtay,
O come, and chaſe my Doubts away.

2. Often (but O in vain) I try
The Tempter, and his Snares to fly;
If Thou art abſent forc'd I yield,
And drop deſpairingly my Shield.

3. When I by Thee was lately own'd,
I Strength o'er all Temptations found:
O'er ev'ry Foe I made my Boaſt,
But now, alas, that Pow'r is loſt!

4. When ſhin'd thy Candle on my Head,
No Grief approach'd, nor Fear nor Dread;
I knew the LORD had ſhed his Blood
To reconcile me to my GOD!

5. I felt my Sins were took away,
I ſtill cou'd praiſe, I ſtill cou'd pray!
I knew of GOD I was belov'd!
And ſaid, *My Bliſs ſhall ne'er be mov'd.*

6. In all I ſaw, in all I heard,
Methought my loving LORD appear'd:
No Sin Dominion had in me,
Thou gracious LORD, had'ſt made me free.

7. I thought me bleſt in all I did,
All future Suff'rings then were hid:
As on the Edge of *Canaan's* Land,
I prais'd my LORD, my Leader's Hand.

8. I ſaw my Portion in my GOD!
My Life in my REDEEMER's Blood:
I look'd no more to meet with Fear,
But bid a long Farewel to War.

9. Alas, theſe Thoughts are vaniſh'd now,
I very many Troubles know:
My SAVIOUR's Face is in the Cloud,
And I am kept apart from GOD.

10. My Joy to Heavineſs is turn'd,
Daily I have my Exile mourn'd:
Again, my LORD, thy Light reſtore!
And leave me in the Night no more.

11. Again illuminate my Mind,
Again let me thy Comfort find:
And daily make my Faith to grow,
'Till fully I my JESUS know.

12. If Thee I ſee not, I decay,
I mourn my Life, and loſe my Way:
But O! unveil thy ſacred Face,
And I ſhall prove my former Peace.

HYMN

HYMN CIII.

ANOTHER.

MY GOD! my GOD attend!
Why haſt Thou me forſook?
O turn, and be the Sinners Friend,
And on my Sorrows look,
Reject me not from Thee,
But be my SAVIOUR ſtill:
LORD only love, and do with me
Whate'er ſhall be thy Will.

2. I mourn when Thou doſt hide,
Sighs iſſue from my Breaſt:
O that Thou would'ſt with me abide!
And I ſhou'd be at Reſt.
I cannot quiet be,
While Thou art abſent LORD:
But ſoon as Thou return'ſt to me,
My Comforts are reſtor'd.

3. Forſake not utterly,
The Child thy Blood hath bought;
Let me not vainly make my Cry,
And ever be forgot.
O ſhew thy uſual Love!
Delay not LORD too long!
But haſte to let thy Mercy prove,
And Praiſe ſhall fill my Tongue.

HYMN CIV.

The Resignation.

WHEN Clouds, and Doubts beset me round,
Shall I with GOD be angry found?
Shall I repine? forbid it LORD!
Thy Will be done! Thy Name ador'd!

2. My Song shall still be made to Thee,
Nor Doubts, nor Fears shall hinder me;
In ev'ry State, in ev'ry Place,
I'll sing to my REDEEMER's praise.

3. Shall I rejoycing good receive
From JESU's Hands, and not believe?
When Evil me constrain's to Mourn,
It also to my Good shall turn?

4. LORD 'tis enough! content I'll bear
My Cross, but only Thou be near:
And when these Storms shall pass away,
I Thee shall praise in endless Day!

5. I know the Souls who seek for GOD
Must walk in Tribulations Road:
My MASTER's Footsteps there are seen,
And cheerful will I walk therein.

6. Like *Peter*, ſee my LORD I come!
I o'er a Boiſtrous World preſume;
If I begin to ſink, or Fear,
And call to Thee, O hear my Pray'r!

7. Support me, ſhould I looſe my Hope,
And raiſe my patient Spirit up:
Fulfil thy Word, me never leave;
Be always with me, ſtrong to ſave.

HYMN CV.

Meditating in Heavineſs.

IN Colds, in Wants, in Nakedneſs,
I here muſt my dear LORD purſue:
Often oppreſs'd, and without Peace,
After a ſuff'ring LORD I go.

2. When e'er I taſte thy Cup I cry,
Thou ſweet'neſt it by op'ning Heav'n:
And ſtrengthen's me by being nigh,
Revealing all my Sins forgiv'n!

3. Yet if between Thee LORD, and me,
At any Time a Cloud appears:
I mourn nor can at quiet be,
Without is Woe, within are Fears!

4. Sometimes with joyful Hope I ſoar!
And ſoon diſconſolate I pray;
That Thou would'ſt always keep me Poor;
Leſt I thro' Pride be caſt away.

5. Leſt I go back, or ſlight thy Love,
I walk my narrow Way with Fear:
O GOD my kind Preſerver prove!
And ſave me when my Foes are near.

6. Humble me always in thy Sight,
And (if Thou pleaſeſt) bow me down:
Only at laſt, reveal thy Light,
And end my Miſeries on thy Throne!

HYMN CVI.

The Reflection.

THrough what a Cloud of Miſeries!
Have I been brought, and yet am ſpar'd:
None know the ſtrange Adverſities,
(But GOD alone) which I have ſhar'd.

2. Well may I ſay (as *David* did)
My Years in Mourning have been ſpent;
And tho' from Men my Griefs were hid,
Yet ſecretly did I lament.

3. I mourn, like a forſaken Bird,
For Righteouſneſs I wiſh'd and ſtrove:
Yet ſtill I found it not, but err'd,
And was a Stranger ſtill to Love.

4. Uncommon Doubts, uncommon Fears,
My Heart oppreſs'd, and weigh'd me down:
Thus did I travel many Years,
As a loſt Sheep who ſtray'd alone.

5. Of-

5. Often I ſeem'd to be aſſur'd
That GOD had left me to deſpair;
And judg'd too great to be endur'd,
The Croſs which JESUS made me bear.

6. Sorrows on ev'ry ſide combin'd,
To make my Life one Scene of Woe;
From my Youth up, a troubled Mind,
I bore; and many Perils knew.

7. A SAVIOUR whom I ſought (but wrong)
At laſt was pleas'd to give me Eaſe:
I heard the Language of his Tongue,
And all my Soul was fill'd with Praiſe!

8. Still his dear Hand my Soul ſupports,
Still am I lov'd, and favour'd ſtill;
And know hereafter in his Courts,
With Him Eternal I ſhall dwell!

9. Under his Shadow lo! I ſit,
Kept ſafe from Hell, and ev'ry Foe:
While from his bleeding Hands, and Feet,
To ſave me Living Rivers flow!

10. Eternal Bleſſings wait to crown!
My Soul redeem'd in JESU's Blood:
And when I lay this Body down,
I know I ſhall awake with GOD!

HYMN CVII.

The Unprofitable Hearer.

THY Bleſſings, LORD, abundant fall,
On ev'ry ſide thy Gifts are giv'n:
I ſee how good Thou art to all;
How all (but me) foretaſte thy Heav'n:
I unaffected ſtill am found;
My Heart's unfruitful ſtony Ground.

2. On me, on ſinful me beſtow
The Witneſs of thy changeleſs Love:
Let me not empty from Thee go!
Let me not always barren prove.
O put thy Grace in me, and I
Will praiſe Thee everlaſtingly!

3. Among the Favours others find,
The Joy, the Peace, the Righteouſneſs,
To me, O give a watchful Mind!
A faithful Soul let me poſſeſs:
And on Thee let me wait, 'till Thou
Shalt call me from the World below.

4. Always O may my Lamp be trimm'd!
And I prepar'd my LORD to meet:
And 'till I know myſelf redeem'd,
Caſt myſelf helpleſs at thy Feet;
That when thou com'ſt to hide my Sin,
I glad may riſe to let Thee in.

5. So

5. So likewiſe when my Eyes ſhall ſee
Thee JESUS with thy Saints appear!
Let me like them prepared be:
And meet Thee joyful in the Air!
And ever preſent with the LORD!
Share in his Glory, and Reward.

HYMN CVIII.

Soliloquy.

MY Soul be ſatisfy'd,
Thy LORD for thee hath dy'd:
Truſt thy SAVIOUR, He is Good!
He thy SAVIOUR will remain:
He who ſhed for thee his Blood,
Ever ſhall thy Right maintain.

2. Believe, my Soul, believe,
GOD thee will ſoon relieve;
Soon ſhall he again return,
He ſhall ſhew thee yet his Love:
Ceaſe my troubled Soul to mourn,
JESUS never will remove.

3. Let Wrongs and Griefs oppreſs,
And Injuries increaſe;
Tribulation cannot part!
Cannot rend thee from the LORD!
Thou art graven on his Heart!
Thou art to his Flock reſtor'd!

4. Sorrows

4. Sorrows may weigh thee down,
But have not Pow'r to drown!
Caſt on JESUS all thy Care,
He ſhall nouriſh thee, and keep;
He ſhall all thy Burden bear,
Own, and ſave thee with his Sheep.

5. Lo! then my LORD I yield!
Be all thy Will fulfill'd:
Let my Croſs be heavy yet,
Let my Sorrow yet increaſe:
Only do not me forget,
Still continue Thou my Peace.

HYMN CIX.

Another, in Trouble.

WHY art thou griev'd unhappy Soul?
Why go'ſt thou mourning thus?
Why travel'ſt thou thus ſorrowful?
And groan'ſt beneath thy Croſs?

2. The Burden muſt by All be borne,
It is the common Doom:
Thy Brethren bore it; ceaſe to mourn,
For ſoon an End will come.

3. Thy LORD (before the World was made)
Ordain'd it thus ſhou'd be:
Bear then, what God on thee has laid,
And tarry patiently.

4. Wait

4. Wait chearfully, my Soul, and thou
Shalt find a SAVIOUR ſoon:
His Hand ſhall lead thee thro' thy Woe,
And reſt thee on His Throne.

5. So be it, my Redeeming LORD!
And haſte when I ſhall ſee,
The ſweet fulfilling of thy Word;
In glorifying me.

HYMN CX.

Meditation on Death.

O Death! whene'er I muſe on Thee,
Joy overflow's my Breaſt:
My Door into Eternity!
My Entrance into Reſt!

2. I love thy Name, and wait the Day,
When Thou ſhalt me releaſe;
When Thou ſhalt call me hence away,
To Everlaſting Peace!

3. Yet while my LORD in me will dwell,
My will ſhall be reſign'd:
No Croſs (ſo I but ſcape from Hell)
Shall once diſturbe my Mind.

4. In Life, or Death, ſo GOD be near,
Contented I ſhall be:
Yet is my Choice to die, and ſhare
My deareſt LORD with Thee,

5. In

5. In Thee midſt all my many Woes,
Fix my unſteady Heart;
So I, (when Death my Eyelids cloſe)
Shall quietly depart.

6. Still may my Lamp be trimm'd, and lit
Prepar'd in Truth, and Grace,
To meet the Bridegroom in the Sky!
With Songs of ceaſeleſs Praiſe!

HYMN CXII.

Deſiring to die in the LORD.

O That my Warfare I may end!
As did the Saints now gone to Reſt:
And die, as did the ALMIGHTY's Friend,
And lean Eternal on his Breaſt!

2. Like *Moſes* let me bow my Head,
And die like him, on *Nebo*'s Top:
And when Thou count'ſt me with the Dead,
In Glory, ſwallow up my Hope!

3. When my departing Hour ſhall come,
Like *Stephen*, let me JESUS See:
Then leave the World; and in my Home,
Be happy to Eternity.

4. Soon as my Spirit I reſign,
And Death ſhall me from Men divide;
O'er *Jordan* bring me ſafe, to join
The Army on the other Side!

5. I now, and long have wiſh'd to ſee,
The Temple where I am to dwell:
I want with all my Family!
To feaſt in Joys unſpeakable!

6. LORD, let me die the righteous Death!
And have my latter End like His:
In Praiſe pour out my lateſt Breath,
And Evermore be found in Bliſs.

7. But Seal me with thy Secret Name,
And love me 'till my Days are o'er:
Then I in Death of Thee will Dream,
And wake with Thee, on Zion's Shore!

8. Whene'er Thou ſaiſt—among thy Sheep
I'll be content my Duſt to lay:
In Death's cold Arms I'll ſweetly Sleep,
And riſe in Everlaſting Day!

HYMN CXII.

Panting to Depart and be with CHRIST.

THY Baptiſm to accompliſh LORD,
Did not thy Soul deſire?
Strait'ned beneath thy FATHER's Sword,
And in the purging Fire!

2. Did'ſt Thou not all Temptation's taſte?
And ev'ry Weight ſuſtain?
Then pity me; nor mark the haſte?
Wherewith I oft complain.

3. See

3. See what I bear, my Folly ſee!
And pard'ning all amiſs;
Quickly conduct poor, weary me,
To Realms of pureſt Bliſs!

4. Death for my Paſſage-Boat I want,
To bear me to the Shore,
Where ceaſes ev'ry Child's Complaint,
And Sin is known no more!

HYMN CXIII.

Longing for Glory.

MY FATHER! O my FATHER, ſay,
Why 'tis ſo long I wait!
Why do thy Chariot-wheels delay!
To waft me to thy Seat?

2. I watch to ſee the Morning when
The Clouds ſhall bear Thee down:
Or I be taken up from Men,
To ſhare my SAVIOUR's Throne.

3. I know I am a Stranger here,
Among the Saints, and Thee,
I want to live; I want t' appear
In perfect Liberty!

4. If ev'ry Member were a Tongue,
All LORD ſhou'd join to pray,
JESUS *my Friend delay not long!*
To call me hence away!

5. Ho!

5. Lo! from my Heart unfeign'd I ſigh,
Thy Kingdom to partake;
To know thy Immortality!
And in thy Arms awake!

6. I do not only pray for Home,
But 'tis thy Churches Pray'r:
Come quickly then, O SAVIOUR come!
To Sion's Help appear!

HYMN CXIV.

ANOTHER.

HOW many Years have I been driv'n!
Out from my Eden, from my Heav'n?
LORD it is time that Thou reſtore!
Thy wand'ring Child, to roam no more.

2. Six Thouſand Years are nearly paſt,
Since *Adam* from thy Sight was caſt:
So long ago his Fallen Race,
From Age to Age, were void of Peace.

3. Pris'ners in Houſes made of Clay,
And out of Sight of Heav'nly Day!
They cannot chuſe but daily Mourn,
'Till they from Baniſhment return,

4. When will the happy Trump proclaim!
The Judgment of the Martyr'd LAMB?
When ſhall the captive Troops be free?
And keep th' Eternal Jubilee!

5. Haſten O GOD! in ev'ry Land!
Send Thou thine Angels, and command,
Go ſound Deliv'rance! loudly blow!
Salvation to the Saints below!

6. I want to have the Day appear!
The promis'd great Sabbatic-Year!
When far from Grief, and Sin, and Hell,
Iſrael in ceaſeleſs Peace ſhall dwell!

7. 'Till then, I will not let Thee reſt,
Thou ſtill ſhalt hear my ſtrong Requeſt:
And this my daily Pray'r ſhall be,
LORD ſound the Trump of *Jubilee*!

HYMN CXV.

ANOTHER.

MY SAVIOUR, look upon thy Son!
Regard thy Child's Requeſt:
Make haſte to take me to thy Throne,
To holy *Abraham's* Breaſt.

2. I know Thou lov'ſt me, yet I want
To know one Bleſſing more:
To be a pure Inhabitant,
Where Thou art gone before.

3. Take me to that immortal Place
Where reign's the conqu'ring Jeſus;
Where reſt's the New-born Sons of Grace!
And Thee rejoicing viewd.

4. Among them LORD I long to join,
Partaker in their Bliſs:
I long to feel their Glory mine,
And all their Holineſs!

5. They (Elder Brethren) happy are!
And thus ſhall ever live:
Safe gone to Realms of Light, they ſhare,
The Crown Thou me wilt give.

HYMN CXVI.

For the whole Armour of God.

SON of GOD! JEHOVAH's Son,
Who for me forſook thy Throne,
Now my humble ſuit receive:
Hear, and what I aſk for, give.

2. Grant me all the Gifts of GOD!
All that in thy Children glow'd:
Meekneſs, Gentleneſs, and Grace,
Joy, and Righteouſneſs, and Peace!

3. Arm me JESUS, not with Steel!
But with Love invincible!
For a Helmet put on me,
That Salvation found in Thee!

4. Let my Feet with Peace be shod!
Well prepar'd to run to GOD:
Let my Loins with Truth be girt,
Seal'd, and written on my Heart!

5. Give me more than all the Sword,
Promis'd by my gracious LORD:
Grant thy Spirit me, and I
All shall conquer gloriously!

6. Let me Faith, my Shield possess!
Make my Breast-plate Holiness:
Mark my Forehead with the Name,
Giv'n to those who love the LAMB.

7. On my Left Hand, on my Right,
Compass me with JESU's Might:
Let me in thy Strength proceed,
'Till made perfect in my Head.

HYMN CXVII.

For Humility.

EVerlasting GOD! and Just,
In whom only I would trust,
Answer to my humble Pray'r,
Made in Earnestness, and Fear!

2. Pride in me is unſubdu'd,
Quench its Flames in Jesu's Blood;
His Humility I want,
All his Mind in me implant.

3. Lowly make me, as was He,
Subject unto all in Thee:
By myſelf abhor'd abas'd,
'Till in Glory I am plac'd.

4. Let not any high Deſire,
Any baſe, unholy Fire,
In me riſe my LORD to grieve!
Rather let me ceaſe to live!

5. LORD my Heart to Thee is known,
Thee I pant, for Thee alone:
From the Pride of ſinful Men,
Save my Spirit, and me ſcreen.

6. Keep me in an humble Frame,
Suit my walking to my Name;
Here a Servant's form put on,
Ever after wear the Crown!

HYMN CXVIII.

ANOTHER.

O Thou humble LORD! and Juſt,
Look down on ſinful me:
View a Worm, of abject Duſt,
Departed far from Thee,

Burden'd with the Tyrant Pride!
I cry for quick Deliverance:
Dear REDEEMER, save and hide,
My Soul from this Offence.

2. Lo! becauſe of this my Sin,
Myſelf (my GOD) I hate:
Break my Heart, and enter in,
And it anew create:
Kill the Pow'r of Pride in me,
My evil Haughtineſs reſtrain:
Make me humble, let me be,
As Thou waſt, when with Men

HYMN CXIX.

For Contentment.

MY LORD, my MASTER, and my GOD,
Who giv'ſt me Raiment, Health, and Food:
Give me therewith to be content,
Thro' all my Days of Baniſhment.

2. My furious, my repining Will,
Confine in Thee, and bid, *be ſtill*:
My evil Mind, and covetous,
O nail dear JESUS! to thy Croſs.

3. Daily

3. Daily at quiet let me be,
In every Thing Thou giveſt me:
In Plenty, and in Want the ſame,
Still thankful to my SAVIOUR's Name.

4. The Ravens by thine Hand are fed,
The Lillies by Thee are array'd:
And ſure Thou canſt not me forget,
A begging Sinner at thy Feet.

5. Beſtow thy Grace, and all my Care,
I'll leave for Thee my GOD to bear:
But ſave me MASTER from my Guilt,
And uſe, and keep me as Thou wilt.

6. Let me the *one Thing needful*, find,
And give me ſtill to be reſign'd;
So will I always ſing to Thee,
In Time, and in Eternity!

HYMN CXX.

For Peace.

GREAT Author of thy People's Peace!
From whom proceedeth every Good;
Whoſe Gift is endleſs Righteouſneſs,
Convey'd, and known thro' JESU's Blood;

2. To Thee my earneſt Pray'r I make,
Thou only canſt my Wants relieve:
If Thou but once within me ſpeak,
I ſhall (the Thing I aſk) receive.

3. Thou LORD my Heart haſt try'd, and ſeen,
My Thoughts Thou know'ſt as troubled Seas:
Diſturb'd, by Sin, and Hell, and Men,
O riſe! and of my Foes me eaſe.

4. For Help in vain I long have ſought,
And ſtrove for Peace in Bitterneſs:
Alas! for while I have it not,
My juſt Petition may not ceaſe.

5. The Bleſſing, O my SAVIOUR grant!
Let not my crying be deny'd;
Among thy Army militant
Let me in Peace be ſatisfy'd.

6. Peace is their happy Privilege,
Whom Thou accept's in the Belov'd:
The Cov'nant (in their Pilgrimage)
That Thou haſt ſworn ſhall ne'er be mov'd.

7. Thy Promiſe well our Fathers knew,
Thy Peace their humble Souls adorn'd;
Permit me, LORD, to prove it too,
Till I am ſafe to Thee return'd.

8. An-

8. Anſwer in Tenderneſs my Suit,
And calm the Storms that are in me:
JESUS my Peace! in me take Root,
And ſubject ev'ry Thought to Thee.

HYMN CXXI.

For FAITH.

ON me beſtow thy ſecret Seal,
O my indulgent GOD!
What felt thy Saints, I want to feel,
And tread where they have trod.

2. I want to find the Faith wherein,
The Prophets ſaw the LAMB;
Kingdom's ſubdu'd, and Hell, and Sin,
And ev'ry Foe o'ercame.

3. I want the Faith which they receiv'd,
When they were Strangers here:
Thro, which they travel'd Home; and liv'd
Deliver'd out of Fear.

4. I want the Faith to foretaſte Heav'n,
The earneſt of my Bliſs:
Whereby they knew their Sins forgiv'n,
By JESU's Righteouſneſs.

5. Thro'

5. Thro' which they heard the MASTER's Voice,
And thro' his Vineyard went
Weary, and burden'd; in his Joys,
To have their Settlement.

6. So in the same appointed Way,
Thy late Apostles trod:
Who present saw the SAVIOUR's Day!
His Cross, and Tears, and Blood!

7. Wean'd from the World by Faith they sought
A City hid from view:
A Land where Sin, and Death are not,
Heav'nly, and endless too.

8. The Martyrs also taught by Thee
This Country long pursu'd:
And swam t' enjoy it o'er a Sea
Of Sorrows, and of Blood.

9. They valu'd not their Lives, but lost
Their All to find the LORD;
Nor rested 'till they join'd the Host,
To ceaseless Bliss restor'd!

10. O that I knew the holy Faith!
Deliver'd once to them:
In Health, and Sickness, Life and Death,
I'd sing my SAVIOUR's Name!

HYMN

HYMN CXXII.

The CHOICE.

OThers upon created Things,
May vainly fix their Love:
My Heart ſhall be the KING of Kings!
And ſet on Things above.

2. I may not think to leave my LORD,
To chuſe Delights below:
If he continue my Reward,
No other wou'd I know.

3. Created Things are all but vain,
No Gold, nor Precious Stone
Redeemed me; the LAMB was ſlain!
And ranſom'd me alone.

4. My Heart, and all that I poſſeſs,
Shall to his Praiſe be giv'n:
For *He is mine, and I am His!*
He is my endleſs Heav'n.

5. With others once the World I lov'd,
And gave the Earth my Heart:
But now m' Affections are remov'd,
My Idols muſt depart.

6. GOD

6. GOD only muſt be now ador'd,
None other ſhall be mine:
Thou henceforth art my Huſband, LORD!
And I (Thou know'ſt) am thine.

7. Come nearer LORD, within me reign
O'er all my Works, and Will:
Subdue, and ſilence every Sin,
And ſubject every I'll.

8. So I in Hallelujah's loud!
Will praiſe Thee all the while
And bleſs thy conq'ring Wounds and Blood:
And be myſelf thy ſpoil.

HYMN CXXIII.

Glorying in the LORD.

CHRIST hath heard my humble Calling,
He me ſpar'd,
When I fear'd,
I to Hell was falling.

2. He beheld me loſt, and pitied,
Then me own'd,
And atton'd,
For my Sin committed.

3. Long

3. Long I Slept 'till He me waked,
Shew'd me my
Poverty;
How my Soul was naked.

4. Me to save by Works I tried,
When I saw
By the Law
None are justified.

5. Self adjudg'd, and Self condemned,
Sentenc'd, bound,
Me He found,
And my Soul redeemed.

6. Thus vouchsaf'd to love his Creature,
CHRIST my Head!
I am made
His by Blood, and Water!

7. Who wou'd for his Friend be killed?
Such Love GOD
Me hath shew'd!
Wherewith I am filled!

8. All my Trust on him is grounded,
Therefore I,
Shall not die:
Neither be confounded.

9. I with GOD shall live for ever!
I renew'd
In his Blood,
Bold can call Him SAVIOUR!

10. I in Him am highly favour'd!
From my Sin
I am clean:
He my Faults hath cover'd.

11. With the Hosts of Bleſſed Spirits!
Gone before,
I ſhall ſoar
Thro' IMMANUEL's Merits!

HYMN CXXIV.

Where two or three Meet.

WHene'er we meet, we'll Thee invite,
Thou fairer than the Sons of Men!
Thou SON of GOD! Thou Light, of Light!
Ordain'd o'er ev'ry Pow'r to reign.

2. Come, and our Converſation bleſs,
And as we commune LORD of Thee
Unveil thyſelf, thy Joy, thy Peace;
That we therein our part may ſee.

3. Let all our Thoughts, and ev'ry Word,
Be order'd to thy only Praiſe:
Let all in us exalt the LORD!
And all our Works, and all our Ways.

4. Inſpire us with the holy Flame
Of pureſt Love: and Faith unfeign'd:
And keep us ſafe Thou bleeding LAMB!
'Till we our Reſt in Heav'n have gain'd

HYMN

HYMN CXXV.

Hearing the Song of the Drunkard.

SHall Drunkards ſing their idle Song?
And thus Wine-bibbers uſe their Tongue?
And ſhall I ſilent ſpend the Day?
I too will ſing as well as they.

2. Go on ye Slaves to Senſe, and Wine!
To worſhip theſe your Idols join:
With ſweet Diſdain your Gods I ſee!
And fly your baſe Idolatry!

3. Thee my dear JESUS I adore!
The Author of my Life, and Pow'r;
No other may m' Affections claim,
I dare not praiſe another Name.

4. When others ſing, it me ſhall move
To bleſs my dear REDEEMER's Love:
And while I ſing, O touch with Fire!
My grateful Lips, my Hymn inſpire.

5. Let me with all the Hoſt of thine,
With Angels, and Archangels join:
With Saints adore, and loud proclaim!
Salvation to the dying LAMB!

6. This let me ſing, when Drunkards ceaſe,
Before thy Throne in Realms of Peace:
This let me ſing, while here I ſtay,
And in the Everlaſting Day!

HYMN CXXVI.

Seeing Sinners delighting themſelves in Sin.

HERE my Soul free Mercy view!
Why art not Thou as theſe?
Theſe who JESUS never knew,
Can ſport them as they pleaſe:
Thou art from their Danger freed!
Eſcaped art Thou from their Way:
Only Grace the Difference made,
Elſe Thou had'ſt been as they.

2. All are in one Nature born,
The faithful, and profane:
Neither of themſelves can turn,
Or make their Nature clean:
JESUS chooſes whom He will,
And whom He will He calls his own;
Kindly ſaves He them from Hell!
To ſhare his holy Throne.

3. Many in Iniquity,
With hoary Heads, and young,
Paſs into Eternity!
And join a countleſs Throng!
Such as lov'd the World below,
Acquainted never with our GOD!
Forc'd to bid to Heav'n adieu!
To JESUS, and his Blood!

4. Why

4. Why, O LORD, O why am I!
Deliver'd from their Doom?
Why pluck'd from their Misery?
And ſav'd from Wrath to come?
Bad as them I alſo am!
My ſafty to thy Love I owe:
Prais'd be thy redeeming Name!
Thy Love, and Suff'rings too!

5. Tho' m' original Offence,
Deſerv'd eternal Hell,
I with GOD's Inheritance!
Predeſtin'd am to dwell:
JESUS ſaw my juſt deſert,
And me, and others, whom He wou'd,
Choſe He gracious; and our Heart
Created Meet for GOD.

6. JESUS gave himſelf (the LAMB)
To ranſom us from Death:
Thus he ſav'd us from our Shame!
And from the Dragon's Teeth:
Glorify his precious Blood!
For O my Soul! He dy'd for Thee:
Magnify his Grace aloud!
His endleſs Love, and free!

HYMN CXXVII.

In Sickneſs.

SHall Sickneſs, or Diſtreſs, or Pain,
In Silence bind my Tongue?
Or this decaying Houſe conſtrain,
My Soul to change my Song?

2. No, my dear SAVIOUR, 'tis thy Rod!
Uſe me as Thou ſhalt pleaſe:
Still my Benign and Loving GOD,
My chaſt'ned Soul ſhall praiſe.

3. Thou, FATHER, haſt the Pow'r to kill,
And Pow'r to ſave alive:
Whate'er Thou giv'ſt me ſhort of Hell,
I joyful will receive.

4. In Sickneſs as in Health the ſame,
Will I adore thy Love:
And in thy Time Thou (Gracious LAMB)
My Chaſtiſement ſhalt move.

5. But ſhew thyſelf about my Bed,
My dear Companion be:
And my Confinement ſhall be made
The beſt of Liberty.

6. Grant

6. Grant this—and if I die, or live,
Thy Name ſhall be ador'd:
Juſt as Thou pleaſeſt, Thou ſhalt give,
My kind indulgent LORD!

HYMN CXXVIII.

Waiting in Expectation of Death.

SUrely this Tabernacle ſoon,
Will be diſſolv'd, and die away:
A better ſhall my LORD put on,
A Houſe not made of mortal Clay!

2. Am I not Thine, my KING, my SPOUSE!
Is not my Soul betroth'd to Thee?
Then is my Home within the Houſe,
Founded upon Eternity.

3. What then? tho' this my Fleſh decay,
I (when the earthen Veſſel fails)
Shall be receiv'd to endleſs Day!
Where GOD his Majeſty unveils.

4. LORD do by me as Thou ſhalt pleaſe,
The Covenant is ſure I know:
Firm ſtands my Righteouſneſs and Peace,
Altho' thou cauſe it not to grow.

5. I know that Thou didſt hear my Cry,
And quieted my inward Strife:
Now wait I 'till Mortality,
Is ſwallow'd up in endleſs Life.

6. I feel the outward Body waſte,
But inwardly I live in Thee:
And while I live, I Heav'n foretaſte!
The Land where I muſt ever be.

7. My JESUS ſaw me ſick of Love,
And ſwift thro' Death and Hell he went!
To fetch me Grapes which grew above,
Leſt I with Wearineſs ſhou'd faint.

8. Loaded to me he often came,
And made me banquet on his Wine:
He mark'd me with his own New Name!
And whiſper'd daily, *Thou art mine.*

9. Is not this ſo? O my beſt Friend!
My Love, I can appeal to Thee:
Oft didſt Thou kindly condeſcend,
To viſit black uncomely me!

10. Often when Satan me withſtood,
Thou, JESUS, did'ſt my Strength renew;
And when oppos'd by Fleſh, and Blood,
Thou brought'ſt me more than Conq'ror [thro'

11. When all my Friends upon me frown'd,
And ev'ry other Lover fled;
Thy Preſence ſtill I always found,
Thy Boſom was my Succour made.

12. I now can truſt my Soul with Thee,
And here lift up my Eyes no more:
Lanch out into the wideſt Sea!
I know I ſhall get ſafe to Shore.

13. The Ark in which I now am bleſt,
Is thy afflicted Church, my GOD;
Which ſoon on *Ararat* ſhall reſt!
Above the Dragon's vengeful Flood.

14. No more by Perſecutions try'd!
Nor toſt in Tempeſts of Diſtreſs:
No! in the Clefts of JESU's Side!
Sion, and I ſhall be at Peace.

HYMN CXXIX.

After a Recovery from Sickneſs.

O My Soul! devoutly ſing:
Praiſe the Hand who roſe thee up:
Humble Songs to JESUS bring,
JESUS bleſs, thy only Hope!

2. Lo! thy Sickneſs he hath cur'd,
Brought thee from the Gates of Death:
Pardon for thy Sin enſur'd,
Refuge from the Dragon's Teeth.

3. Let

3. Let my Heart with Thanks be full,
Let my Lips thy Mercies tell:
How thy Arm redeem'd my Soul,
Pluck'd it from the Nether Hell!

4. May the Days I have to ſpend,
May the Months I have to paſs:
In my SAVIOUR's Worſhip end!
End in bleſſing JESU's Grace.

5. May I Life Divine purſue!
That which fill'd the SON of GOD:
That which now the Happy know,
Springing thro' IMMANUEL's Blood.

6. Him I ſeek for, Him I want,
Who the Reſurrection is:
For His Life I ſigh, I pant,
Reſtleſs 'till I find the Bliſs.

HYMN CXXX.

Mourning for the Church.

ZEAL for the LORD my Soul conſtrains
To mourn the cruel fate,
Of JESU's Seed; while Error reigns,
Sitting on Zion's Seat.

2. Alas! for now the Pow'rs of Hell,
The Saints have overcome:
The wicked Woman *Jezebel*,
Imperious take's their Room.

3. The

3. The Iſrael of the LORD is waſte,
Jeruſalem is void:
Aſide her Joys, her Crown is caſt,
She wails an abſent GOD!

4. The holy People Strangers here,
Bow'd down with heavieſt Woe;
Wander for Refuge far, and near,
Pilgrims unknown below.

5. In all the World no Friend, nor Place,
They find to take them in:
Tears ſhew their Grief in every Face,
The Fruit of Pain within.

6. The Beaſt exalts his fearful Head!
And by his poiſonous Breath,
Many from Truth aſtray are led,
Seal'd by his Name to Death.

7. Falſe Prophets, riſe in various Forms,
Speaking as Men of GOD:
By whom the humble Saints (as worms)
Now under Foot are trod.

8. No more is heard the Voice of Praiſe!
Men ceaſe to bleſs the LORD:
In mournful ſolitary Ways,
They ſigh by all abhorr'd.

9. From ev'ry ſecret place aſcend,
The Cry of the oppreſs'd:
Doleful, as left without a Friend,
Or hope to be releas'd.

10. The

10. The giddy World rejoiceth loud,
When thus the Church they ſee:
When Zion cover'd in a Cloud,
Lament's her Miſery!

11. For this, mine Eye, mine Eye run's down
With Waters Night, and Day:
FATHER behold! and bow thy Throne,
To put the Cauſe away.

12. Let Truth in former Glory riſe!
Thro' Clouds of Error ſhine:
Deſtroy Thou all thine Enemies,
And call the ſcatter'd *Mine*.

13. Let me no more my JESUS Mourn,
Thy favour'd Peoples fall:
But ſee with endleſs Joy return!
The Mother of us All:

14. Give her to end her juſt complaints,
By cauſing her to ſee,
Reſtor'd the Peace of all her Saints!
And all her Sons agree.

15. But proſperous let me *Zion* view!
And See her raiſe her Head:
To other Worlds then let me go!
And count me with the Dead.

HYMN

HYMN CXXXI.

On the Syrophenician.

WHEN JESUS was in Fleſh, his Fame
Into the Towns of *Canaan* came,
A Gentile Woman heard; and ſought,
To find the Heav'nly Prophet out.

2. On Sidon's Coaſt at laſt ſhe found
The LORD! and falling on the Ground,
She cry'd, *O Son of David hear!*
Have Mercy! and receive my Pray'r.

3. *Vouchſafe to grant my juſt Requeſt,*
The Devil hath my Child oppreſt:
She ſeem'd to cry in vain; the LORD
Paſs'd on, and anſwer'd not a Word.

4. *Send her away!* his Followers ſaid,
When meekly (turning round his Head)
He anſwer'd, *I am only come*
To call the Loſt, of Iſr'el Home.

5. Then at his Feet She worſhip'd low,
(Determin'd not to let Him go)
Help me, She cry'd; again He ſaid,
Dogs may not have the Childrens Bread.

6. *'Tis true*, She anſwer'd, *yet they have*
The Crumbs that fulfed Children leave:
The leaſt of all thy Mercies grant!
What Children ſlight, is all I want!

[yield,)
7. This, (as by Violence) made Him
The SAVIOUR (as with Wonder fill'd)
Her Faith commended, ſaying, *ſee*
What e're Thou wilt, ſhall ſurely be.

8. She ſtagger'd not thro' Unbelief,
But ceas'd her Cries, and Tears, and Grief,
And in that Hour as ſpake the LORD,
She found her Daughter's Peace reſtor'd.

2. The ſame Diſeaſe her Child oppreſt
Hath griev'd me long; nor can I reſt:
O Son of *David!* ſee my Grief,
Caſt out the Foe, and bring Relief.

10. Let me no longer cry in vain!
No more, O gracious GOD refrain:
Speak, O my LORD, to heal my Soul,
Speak only—and I ſhall be whole.

HYMN CXXXII.

On the unjuſt Steward.

ALAS! alas, for wo! is me,
An unjuſt Steward I have been:
My MASTER's Goods (unrighteouſly)
Have I embazell'd by my Sin.

2. The

2. The Grace, the Talent, GOD me gave,
I waſted, and profuſely ſpent:
And now what I deſerve to have
Is Everlaſting Puniſhment!

3. LORD Thou may'ſt juſtly take away,
The Grace which I receiv'd from Thee:
And to my Soul in Thunder ſay,
No longer thou may'ſt Steward be.

4. But O my Governor! my GOD!
My Careleſſneſs, and waſte forgive:
And for the future thro' thy Blood,
more faithful will I ſtrive to live,

5. I cannot beg, (but O in vain!)
At any but thy Palace Door:
Forgive, and me reſtore again,
And Thee I'll ſerve for Evermore!

HYMN CXXXIII.

On the four Samaritan Lepers.

I Am, as was the Leprous four
Who waited at *Samaria*'s Gate:
Who mourn'd the Famine there, and more,
They alſo mourn'd their baniſh'd State:
Without the Walls they ſpent their Days,
Compell'd becauſe of their Diſeaſe.

2. Not diſtant far the Syrian Hoſt
In hoſtile Bands, encamp'd around:
Whoſe Troops fill'd all *Samaria*'s Coaſt!
And cover'd all the Neighbouring Ground
The Lepers ſaw on either Hand,
Pale Death in War, or Famine ſtand.

3. Thus then they ſpake, (as nigh Deſpair)
If in the Town we entrance gain,
We then ſhall die; for Famine's there!
And periſh if we here remain:
With Syria let our Suit be heard,
We can but die; and may be ſpar'd.

4. Want made them mutually conſent;
Trembling they left the City Wall,
And liſtening all the way they went,
'Till *Aram*'s Tents, ſeem'd within call,
Yet vent'ring on; ſoon ceas'd their Dread!
For lo! *Benhadad*'s Hoſt were fled.

5. The Tents (with great Proviſion ſtor'd)
They enter'd; and their Hunger ſtay'd:
Their Souls reviving bleſs'd the LORD)
For He (who ſtill was *Iſrael*'s Aid)
Had caus'd the Syrian's Hoſt to fly!
Who juſtly thought a greater nigh!

6. When Midnight Sleep their Bands had [ſeiz'd,
They wak'd: by Thundring Sounds con- [ſtrain'd
Believing *Iſrael's* King had rais'd.
An Army from ſome other Land:
And

And while the Earth arround them ſhook,
The frightned Troops their Tents forſook.

7. Thus were *Samaria*'s Children freed,
And thus the Lepers ſav'd alive;
O that my Soul in this my Need!
Such wond'rous Mercy might receive!
For tho' the Lepers want was ſore,
My Want exceed's, my need is more!

8. I ſtand by Myſtic *Egypt*'s Gate,
A Leper cover'd o'er with Sin!
Hungry, without the Walls I wait,
A Famine of the Word's within;
If I re-enter Death is there,
And Death will ſoon devour me here.

9. What ſhall I do? for O my Shame!
My Sin, has made my GOD my Foe:
Nor may I in another Name
Salvation, or Forgiveneſs know!
I can but die—I'll make my pray'r;
LORD help me! or I periſh here!

HYMN CXXXIV.

On Elijah's Aſcenſion into Heaven.

WHEN He, who daily Water pour'd
To waſh the great *Elijah*'s Hands,
Had heard that GOD wou'd call his LORD,
To dwell with Him in better Lands,

2. He ask'd Him, *O my Father, leave!*
Behind on me a double ſhare
Of that bleſt Spirit, GOD thee gave;
T' aſiſt me, while I ſojourn here.

3. *I will*, the Prophet kindly ſaid,
If Thou can'ſt ſee me born away,
When I am taken from thine Head:
My Mantle ſhall the Pow'r convey!

4. He ſaid—and over *Jordan*'s Streams,
Eliſha (heavy) track'd his Sire:
Till ſuddenly appear'd in Flames!
An Hoſt, a Chariot built of Fire!

5. The troubled Servant ſcarce cou'd kiſs
His Lord; but he was ſnatch'd away!
Was caught into celeſtial Bliſs!
And rode into Eternal Day!

6. Swiftly upon the higheſt Clouds!
He ſaw his Maſter's Chariot move:
And eager view'd, 'till ſhining Clouds
Receiv'd him in the Houſe above!

7. While thus He gaz'd, (while within [Sight
Elijah ſeem'd) aloud He cry'd!
My FATHER! *midſt the Hoſt of Light,*
Oh Iſr'els *Car, I ſee thee ride!*

8. Th'

8. Th' aſcending Saint his Servant heard,
And dropp'd his Mantle as a Sign:
Then in a Moment diſappear'd,
And, ſhouting, enter'd Realms Divine!

9. Immediately the Servant found,
The Spirit that his Maſter bleſt:
He took the Mantle from the Ground,
And Pow'r receiv'd, and Peace, and Reſt.

10. Ah, Thou who did'ſt on high aſcend!
And captive led'ſt Captivity!
I aſk thy Spirit, *Sinner's Friend*,
O Drop, a double Share on me!

HYMN CXXXV.

The LEPER.

A Leper to the LORD I come,
White to the World I ſhew:
But am a very garniſh'd Tomb!
Corrupt, and hateful too.

2. My Soul is ſorely bow'd with Guilt,
And many Days has been:
Yet know I ſurely, *If Thou wilt,*
Thou, LORD, canſt make me clean.

3. Others thy ready Help have found,
Lepers, and Blind, and Lame:
And pardon'd Sinners all around!
Can bleſs thy healing Name.

4. And why with theſe may I not find,
The Merit of thy Blood?
For I am Leprous, Lame, and Blind,
A Sinner unrenew'd.

5. If their Diſtreſs, or Need, or Shame,
Or Pain, or Miſery,
Mov'd Thee (Dear LORD) to pity them;
Who is in Want like me?

6. I more than other Souls ſuſtain
The Weight of acted Sin:
Am more than others rack'd with Pain,
From Evil Seeds within.

7. Relieve me—for no other can!
None elſe can do me good:
But Thou alone, Thou Son of Man!
By thine atoning Blood!

8. If Thou wou'ſt only ſay the Word,
I know I ſhou'd be well:
Then ſpeak, my condeſcending LORD!
O SAVIOUR, ſpeak, and heal.

9. So will I blaze abroad thy Fame,
And every Soul I see,
I'll call; *O come and see the* LAMB!
The LAMB *that dy'd for me!*

10. If Thou wilt give me Pow'r, aloud!
To all the World I'll call:
Sinners come near to JESU'S *Blood!*
There's Room enough for All!

11. And where I find Men want to know
Thee LORD, and only Thee:
I'll send them to Thee, LORD, and Thou
Shalt tell them, *I am He.*

HYMN CXXXVI.

On the Resurrection of Lazarus.

WHen *Laz'rus* dy'd, his Sisters Pray'r
The SAVIOUR'S Pity mov'd:
And forc'd, he melted into Tears;
For *Laz'rus*, JESUS lov'd!

2. While He was weeping full of Care,
The mournful Sisters cry'd,
Ah, MASTER, *hadst Thou tarried here,*
Our Brother had not dy'd.

3. *Laz'rus shall rise again*, He said,
Only in Me believe:
And ye your Brother from the Dead,
Shall yet again receive.

4. We

4. *We know*, they answer'd, *He shall rise*,
When Time shall have an End:
When Thou on Clouds in flaming Skies,
To Judgment shalt descend.

5. Then, looking on them, spake the LAMB,
Life to the Dead I give:
For I the Resurrection am,
To all who me believe.

6. *Whoe'er believing lives in me*,
Shall live in ceaseless Bliss:
Mary, can'st thou this Myst'ry see?
Martha, believ'st thou this?

7. They answer'd, *Thou art* CHRIST! *thy Word*,
And what Thou saist, is true:
Thou art the SON *of GOD! and LORD!*
This we believe, and know.

8. Then groaning o'er his Sepulchre,
Laz'rus, Come forth, he said:
When straitway rose the Prisoner!
Him who before was dead.

9. His Feet, and both his Hands, and Head,
Within his Shroud were bound:
Loose him, the Blessed JESUS said,
When he Releasement found.

10. As *Laz'rus* e're the SAVIOUR came,
Helpless, and lifeless lay:
Since *Adam* I in Death and Shame,
So slept my Time away.

11. Hardness

11. Hardneſs of Heart, reſembling Stone,
Kept me ſecurely in.
And I beſide, had Grave-cloaths on,
And Bands of curſed Sin.

12. But when the dear IMMANUEL ſpake,
I ſtraitway Life receiv'd:
I then, and not 'till then cou'd ſee,
In whom my Soul believ'd.

13. But O! I want the Liberty,
Which happy *Laz'rus* knew:
The Bands of Sin, my LORD, untie,
Looſe me, and let me go!

14. Looſe me, and I (on Eagles Wings)
Will ſoar, nor ever tire,
'Till I among thy Prieſts, and Kings!
End ev'ry juſt Deſire.

HYMN CXXXVII.

On the Storm.

ONCE when my MASTER was at Sea,
And He was laid to ſleep,
The Winds, and Waves vehemently!
Conſpir'd to wreck the Ship.

2. The poor Diſciples ſtrove in vain,
To get the Ship to Shore:
For, lo! they ſaw the boiling Main!
Into their Veſſel pour.

3. JESUS

3. JESUS awak'd---for all on board
Were fallen on their Knees!
And all were crying, *Save us LORD!*
We periſh in the Seas!

4. He meekly roſe, rebuk'd the Winds,
And calm'd the troubled Deep:
The Winds were in his Hand confin'd,
The Waters huſh'd to ſleep.

5. Then ſpake the LAMB, *O ſlow of Faith!*
How is it you can fear?
How ſtart? or be afraid of Death?
While I the LORD am here!

6. Weaker than they I ſeem to be,
In leſſer Storms I quake:
And ev'ry Blaſt that blows on me,
Makes me my Hope forſake.

7. O let my Anchor be thy Love,
On Thee my Rock made ſure:
Nor Winds, nor Storms, ſhall me remove
My Faith ſhall firm endure!

8. If Thou be in this Heart of mine,
No Tempeſt will I fear:
Nor Hell, nor Death, tho' both combine,
Shall drive me to Deſpair!

9. In ev'ry Storm I'll cry to Thee!
And Thou ſhalt ſay, *Be ſtill:*
A preſent Calm mine Eyes ſhall ſee,
Obedient to thy Will.

10. O enter, LORD, my little Ark!
Then (tho' the Ocean roar)
Fearleſs for Zion I'll embark,
And ſafely reach her Shore!

HYMN CXXXVIII.

On the impotent Woman.

JUST as the Woman (whoſe Diſeaſe
Confin'd her eighteen Years)
I ſeek Thee JESUS; O releaſe!
My Soul, and hear my Pray'rs.

2. My Parents were before me ſo,
Of them I thus was born:
LORD looſe me now, and let me go,
Nor more my Fetters mourn.

3. I am a Child of *Abraham*,
And do believe in Thee:
Releaſe me then, O holy LAMB!
Let captive me, go free.

4. Becauſe of mine Infirmity,
I cannot ought perform:
Can only poor, and Helpleſs lie,
A very worthleſs Worm.

5. Here I was brought, or I 'till now
Had never to Thee cry'd:
I will not leave thee 'till Thou ſhew,
That I am juſtify'd.

HYMN. CXXXIX.

On the raising of the Ruler's Daughter.

LORD did the Pray'r of *Jairus* move,
Thy Hand to raise his only Child?
Then stoop to mine; and in thy Love,
Let my Petition be fulfill'd.

2. My little Soul is sore distress'd,
Is at the point to die of Fear;
Fain it wou'd lean upon thy Breast,
(And if it must) wou'd perish there.

3. If Thou wou'd'st speak, and on my Soul
Suffer thy Countenance to shine,
I know it wou'd be straitway whole:
For my Disease is inbred Sin.

4. Scarce had the Ruler told his Grief,
But Thou wast with Compassion mov'd
Thou heard'st Him ask his Daughter's Life,
And promis'd it to her He lov'd.

5. *Believe on me*, Thou said'st, *and Thou,*
Shalt surely see thy Daughter live:
Fear not! to raise her up I go;
Her fainting Spirit shall revive.

6. This said—Thou enter'd'st strait the House,
Where Motionless the Damsel lay:
Then call'd, *Arise!* and she arose,
Whom Death had lately made his Prey.

7. I wou'd to GOD, Thou willing wert!
To come my dying Soul to raiſe;
To quicken my degen'rate Heart;
For daily (LORD) my Hope decays.

8. The Word which *Jairus* Servants brought,
To ſtop Thee; lo! I inly hear:
I conſtantly am preſs'd to doubt,
That my Diſeaſe is gone too far!

9 I think my Follies are too great,
My Sin too much to be forgiv'n:
I am aſham'd, afraid t'entreat,
To have the leaſt of Gifts from Heav'n!

10. But when I weigh thy boundleſs Pow'r,
And how poor Sinners found Thee good,
I'm bold to hope; and dare implore
The Merits of thy precious Blood.

Come near, and lay thy bleeding Hand
Upon my Head; and give me Grace:
And bid me *live*; and let me ſpend
My latter Days in Praiſe, and Peace.

HYMN CXL.

On the Miracle of the Loaves and Fiſhes.

O Full of all Compaſſion! hear;
Send not the People empty Home:
For many of them came from far,
And Thou thyſelf did'ſt bid them come.

2. Seeſt Thou this thronging Multitude?
O bid the weary Men ſit down:
And with thy Fleſh, and with thy Blood,
My tender LORD, feed ev'ry one!

3. Thy former Miracles repeat,
And of thyſelf the *Living Bread*
Give ev'ry hungry Soul to eat,
And let them feaſt on Meat indeed.

4. We know thy Hand is richly ſtor'd,
Thou well can'ſt anſwer ev'ry Pray'r:
Can'ſt give us of thy Fullneſs LORD!
And yet have in Thee more to ſpare.

5. Let us, (as once five Thouſand did)
From Thee myſterious Food receive:
Let us on heav'nly Manna feed,
And has Thou ſaid'ſt, eternal Live.

6. Behold we're in a deſert Place!
No Food for us the Lands afford:
No Righteouſneſs, nor Joy, nor Peace,
Is found in any, ſave the LORD!

7. Thyſelf within us manifeſt,
And in the Earth we aſk no more:
On Thee may we for ever feaſt,
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